THE ROYAL YEAR

WAITING FOR THE QUEEN

Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.

St. Barnabas Sunday School,

HOLLOWAY, N.

This Book was presented to

F. G. Smith.

of the 5th. Class for

the regularity of his attendance

and of his general good conduct

during the year 1887

L. Talbot-Rendley.

Vicar

January 30th. 1888

"While he was yet young, he (Josiah) began to seek after the God of David his Father.

II. Chron. xxxiv. 3."

"Wilt THOU NOT *from this time* cry unto ME 'MY FATHER, *thou art the* GUIDE *of my youth.*'"

Jeremiah iii 4.

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H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From the Picture by RICHARD WESTALL, R.A., *Painted in* 1830, *and now in Windsor Castle.*

1887.

THE ROYAL YEAR:

A CHRONICLE OF "Our Good Queen's Jubilee."

A SEQUEL TO "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE."

COMPILED BY THE
REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,
EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS," AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

"A little Island in the Northern Sea
Cries to her utmost shores, 'Rejoice with me!'"
—*Clara Thwaites.*

"What was the grandest thing in all our Jubilee? Just this. 'The hearth,' says an Indian proverb, 'is not a stone, but a woman.' We have a great Home, and its hearth is a Royal Woman."—*The Bishop of Derry.*

FIFTH THOUSAND.

London:
"HOME WORDS" PUBLISHING OFFICE,
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The Queen's Jubilee Motto.

THE colonies of Australia, in applying to the Bible Society to send out a supply of New Testaments for Sunday scholars, asked the Society to get Her Majesty the Queen to write some text of Scripture and sign her autograph. She did this most readily, and chose a text of Scripture for the children of the Australian Sunday Schools. This was the text:—

"'*On earth peace, goodwill towards men.*'

Victoria, Windsor Castle, March 8, 1887."

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE.

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *June* 24, 1887.

"I AM anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to and returning from Westminster Abbey, with all my children and grand-children.

"The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days, in London, as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without

his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.

"This feeling, and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task —often a very difficult and arduous one—during the remainder of my life.

"The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of the enormous multitudes assembled, merits my highest admiration.

"That God may protect and abundantly bless my country, is my fervent prayer.

"VICTORIA R. AND I."

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"Our Sovereign's Jubilee."

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

O GOD, our fathers' God and ours,
Before Thy throne we bow the knee:
Pour down Thy mercy's richest showers
Upon our Sovereign's Jubilee.

We bless Thee for her blessed past,
For holy thoughts of things that were;
For love that must for ever last,
And all Thy love to us in her!

For years of sunshine, calm and bright,
And storm-clouds always rainbow spann'd;
For her sweet home, which sheds its light
On all homes of our fatherland.

And with our praises one strong prayer
From morn till night, from night till morn,
Breathes on the universal air,
And to the Throne of thrones is borne:

God save the Queen: save, bless, defend
The Mother Queen of land and sea:
God save the Queen, world without end,
Till earth keep Heaven's great Jubilee.

PREFACE.

"THE *Royal Year*" is simply a sequel to "*The Queen's Resolve*." The one book anticipated the coming Jubilee, the other aims to chronicle the main features and incidents of the wonderful Celebration, which from first to last was—in Queenly words used on another occasion—"a complete and beautiful triumph, a glorious and touching sight."

It has been well said that the Queen's Jubilee is unique in history. No Queen in the annals of any country has ever before reigned for fifty years. No period of religious, social, intellectual, scientific, and national progress may be compared with the past half-century. But, above all, the Jubilee is unique in the moral sovereignty and home influence which the Queen has exercised. "She has striven to be good; and that has been to England more than genius and more than statesmanship. In her marriage and in her motherhood, she has set an example, in things

which are more precious than wealth, and more powerful than victories." As mother and wife, as well as Queen, the name of Victoria will ever stand out uniquely on the page of history.

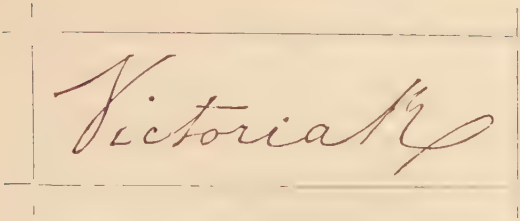
In the eloquent heart-reaching words of the Bishop of Derry, in response to the question, "What was the grandest thing in all our Jubilee?" the reply must be:—"Not the canopy of light over London from the illuminations. Not the beacon fires on hundreds of hills. Not the company of kings. Not the children of England gathered from far lands—the eaglets coming back to the nest in the day of sunshine, who, if the clouds of danger were gathering, would come in their strength upon the wings of every storm. The grandest thing was just this. 'The hearth,' says an Indian proverb, 'is not a stone, but a woman.' *We have a great Home, and its hearth is a Royal woman.*"

It will be seen that "*The Royal Year*," as a compilation, is indebted to many writers. *The Fireside News* has also furnished much information. The Compiler wishes to make grateful acknowledgment to all who have thus aided him, especially to the authors of the Jubilee Poems which enrich the volume.

Blackheath. C. B.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF TWO, AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

From the Picture by SIR W. BEECHEY, *now in Windsor Castle.*



THE ROYAL YEAR:

A Chronicle of "Our Good Queen's Jubilee."

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF JUBILEE DAY.

JUNE 21ST, 1887.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

JUBILEE day is now one of the historic days of the English race. Our children's children will read about it, will talk of it, and wish they had been able to see it. It matters not whether the English citizen spent the day in London, or tarried in his country home, or camped out in the jungle and the prairie—everywhere, all the world over, the English-speaking race held high holiday in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of the greatest Queen that has ever sat on the throne of England. The Queen, though not visible to all her subjects, was on that day in the minds of all; and, in the universal celebration, monopolized their speech, and awoke in their hearts fresh currents of loyalty and attachment to her person and authority.

The aged men of our day looked back on the far-away

past, when, in 1817, the Princess Charlotte's death aroused the sorrow and solicitude of the nation as to the matter of succession to the Throne, owing to the steadily decreasing numbers of the family of George III. Middle-aged men recalled to mind the early days of the Princess Victoria at Kensington Palace under the tender and watchful care of her mother, the late Duchess of Kent. The men and women and children of to-day rejoiced in the results of the fifty years' reign of that Princess Victoria, and saw her surrounded by a brilliant bodyguard of children and grandchildren and great-grand children that God has given to her as her quiverful, and as her proud legacy to the country over which she has so long ruled, and over which we trust she will be spared for yet many years to reign. The occasion was remarkable and significant from every point of view, whether in its own intrinsic value, or in comparison with the historic past.

This Jubilee occasion is the fourth of the kind that has occurred in the annals of English history. The three preceding Jubilees of English monarchs were those of the Third Henry, the Third Edward, and the Third of the Georges. But none of these can compare with this, the fourth great Jubilee.

For example, the long reign of Henry III. was characterized by the weakness of the King himself, and the ill-success of his administration. It was a period of civil war and of public discontent; so much so, that an old writer, recalling the memory of the disasters of those days, suggests the words of the prophet, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," as the most fitting text for that Jubilee occasion. Thank God, no such text would have been adapted for our day. No such sentiment, except by the extremest contrast, could possibly occur to the mind of any, as an expression of either the letter or the spirit of the reign of our Queen Victoria.

Then the Jubilee of Edward III. recalls still greater contrasts. The year of Edward's Jubilee (A.D. 1377) was also the year of his death; as also of his son, the Black Prince, the hero of Creçy and Poictiers, the heir to the English throne, and the pride and hope of England. "*Absit omen!*" we may well say, in regard to this present Jubilee. Yet, notwithstanding England's conquests and other glories of Edward's reign, a modern historian (Mr. S. R. Gardiner) speaks of them as no better than the Dead Sea apples: "outwardly they were fair to look on, but they turned to dust and ashes in the mouth." Thank God again, nothing like this could be said of the Jubilee of the Victorian age.

And as to the Jubilee of George III., the contrast stands out more distinct and definite still. At the date of his Jubilee (A.D. 1809), the settled insanity of the King had already commenced, and within a twelvemonth was the subject of the *Gazette*. We need not speak of the Regency that was then proclaimed, which practically limited the personally responsible government of the king to the period of his Jubilee; and made him, as Wordsworth says,—

> ——"dread shadow of a king,
> Whose realm has dwindled to one stately room!"

So, in comparison with its predecessors, the Jubilee of Victoria the Great was the Jubilee of Jubilees. It was civic, it was metropolitan, it was national, it was imperial, it was world-wide; we might almost say it was universal. Words can but inadequately convey the marvellous transformations that greeted the eye and surprised the thousands of spectators everywhere. The Queen's own verdict on another great pageant, thirty-six years ago, might, only with additional force and emphasis, express the result of the Jubilee celebration:—"The great event has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching

sight." It was all this, and everything that was loyal and loving and gracious besides.

It was still early morning when the first movements began of people in the direction of the chief thoroughfares through which the Royal procession was to pass. And, although crowds and crowds continued to flow like the waves of the incoming tide, yet there was complete ease of transit, of vehicles and foot-passengers, tending towards the various houses and stands and coigns of vantage from which the sight could be seen; and in many places the windows and elevated platforms were filled earlier than the footpaths. It speaks much for the order and discipline and good nature of a vast English crowd, and for the efficiency of the police arrangements, that few mishaps occurred, and that little inconvenience was caused throughout a day of such unparalleled activity and excitement.

Buckingham Palace was the first and last great centre of attraction. If all were not at its gates, the hearts of all began there; for out of its portals were to come the issues of the day. The Palace itself was entirely devoid of decoration. A few persons now and then looked from its windows on the scene around; and once Her Majesty herself was observed to come, without attracting much notice, to a side window looking towards the vast assemblage.

The first procession passed along the route, consisting of Indian princes and representatives of foreign Courts, including the dusky Queen of Hawaii; and the people looked on and were interested. The second procession soon after followed, conveying the occupants and heirs of thrones; but as these were in closed carriages, and few of them were known or recognised, the people still looked on and waited. Then came the Life Guards, the heralds of the third procession, and the long-expected moment at last arrived. A suite of brilliant equipages, Royal carriages, all open, with

THE JUBILEE: "WAITING FOR THE QUEEN."

outriders in cloth of gold, whetted the appetite of the people for the climax of all. After the younger Royal princesses had passed, receiving a cordial greeting from the assembled multitudes, the daughters of the Queen caused the tide of loyal acclaim to rise and swell—the widowed Duchess of Albany coming in for a doubly sympathetic welcome. And then—but who can adequately describe the group that next appeared?—that noble and *élite* bodyguard of the Queen, her own three stalwart sons, her sons-in-law, and her grandsons and her grandsons-in-law, all in the rich array of their various uniforms, home and foreign. Very notable among them was the Imperial Prince of Germany, his gallant bearing suggesting the presence of some oldtime hero.

But this brilliant galaxy of princes of the blood was soon lost to sight and thought as the famous cream-coloured horses came full in view, and the state-carriage in which sat the Queen herself, with the Crown Princess of Germany (our own Princess Royal) and the universally beloved Princess of Wales on the opposite seat. Then it was that the pent-up force delivered itself, and the rich and tumultuous chorus of loyalty and affection broke forth in its unrestrained volume and strength. The Queen, in deference to the joyous occasion, wore a white bonnet, with lace and sparkling diamonds, and the ribbons of the Garter and other Orders. Her Majesty seemed much pleased; all care and anxiety had been put aside; and the universal acclaim of her people cheered and comforted her. The Princess Royal and the Princess of Wales bowed, as did the Queen, right and left, to the welcome accorded them.

The grandest portion of the Royal route was that where Regent Street trends down from Piccadilly to Waterloo Place and Pall Mall. At this point the spectators from the Duke of York's column would look upward on the procession as upon a majestic river whose surface glittered incessantly

under the powerful rays of the noonday sun. All, of course, knew that the glitter came from sabres and decorations, from the rich trappings and dazzling weapons of the Indian escort, not the least impressive accompaniment of the procession, and from the helmets and cuirasses of the mounted equipage. Nevertheless, the likeness to a river of gold flowing between banks of extraordinary richness and splendour was too strong to be resisted, and was mentioned by many persons as the procession vanished out of sight down the eastern portion of Pall Mall.

A writer in the *Times* thus describes the appearance of the Queen at the moment when her equipage turned to mount the slope of Constitution Hill :—

"Her Majesty's face,—not altogether free from an expression of anxiety easily to be understood in a Sovereign so thoroughly capable of appreciating the momentous significance of the ceremonial in which she was to take the principal part,—loosened the voice of the assembly. She began her magnificent progress in the midst of a burst of loyal cheers, which became the continuous accompaniment of her route through the principal streets of the capital to the venerable Abbey which is the historic scene of Royal ceremonies. With Her Majesty were the ever-popular Princess and the Crown Princess of Germany, both of whom were enthusiastically cheered ; but it was manifest that the main interest of the assemblage was centred on the Sovereign herself, seated in State, wearing the Orders appertaining to her Royal and Imperial position, and engaged in celebrating with worthy pomp and majesty her righteous reign of half a century."

The scene in Waterloo Place was thus depicted in the *Standard* :—

"The men shouted and waved their hats, the ladies their handkerchiefs, and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, some of the latter even attempted to encroach upon English-

BOYS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH,

Cheering the Queen in Trafalgar Square.

manhood's prerogative to cheer. Trafalgar Square sent up a mighty volume of greeting from the roof of the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church on the one side, away to the entrance to Northumberland Avenue and Parliament Street on the other. Here Her Majesty and her Royal relatives paid much attention as they passed to the five hundred boys of the Royal Naval School, who were drawn up near the base of Nelson's Column. The youngsters had come up at half-past ten. They had on straw hats, duck frocks, and blue trousers. Headed by their band, they had marched up in columns of fours; and it was with no small difficulty that a way was made for them by the police through the densely packed masses."

So onward the Queen proceeded in state, amid the thunder of applause, through Cockspur Street, past Trafalgar Square, between the lofty walls of Northumberland Avenue, to the Embankment which bears her name, and so to the west door of the venerable Abbey.

The scene within the Abbey was too rich and diversified to allow any detailed description here. It was a mighty concourse of home and foreign princes and potentates, diplomatists, peers, judges, chief dignitaries of State, and a host of distinguished men and women, representing every department of public and private life—official, military, naval, artistic, literary, civic, clerical, lay, and all and everything and anything you please. The Queen entered the Abbey amid the blare of trumpets—fit accompaniment of a Jubilee, seeing that the Hebrew word Jubel, from which the anniversary takes it name, signifies the sound of a trumpet. Her Majesty occupied a raised daïs. "Loud then," says a spectator of the scene, "to the accompaniment of organ and the trumpet and drum, broke forth three hundred voices, chanting, 'We praise Thee, O God:' and not the assembled thousands alone, but the edifice itself, the walls, the roof, the arches, the very light that streamed through

the coloured windows, seemed to join in singing that sonorous *Te Deum*, that hymn of thanksgiving and praise for the fifty years of prosperity and happiness covered by the golden reign of Victoria the Good." The Archbishop of Canterbury conducted the service, assisted by the Bishop of London and the Dean of Westminster, with Dr. Bridge at the organ.

After the Benediction, a touching incident occurred, undreamt of in the Lord Chamberlain's philosophy, and forming no part of his official programme. It was thus recorded in the *Times* :—

"First the Prince of Wales salutes Her Majesty on the hand, and receives in return a kiss on the cheek. The Crown Prince and the Grand Duke of Hesse pay their homage likewise, the former kneeling, but retire without the gracious salute of the Royal lips. Then, carried away by the impulse of the moment, Her Majesty embraces all the princes and princesses of her family with manifest emotion : and, to complete the tenderness and pathos of the scene, calls back the Crown Prince and the Grand Duke of Hesse with a winning smile to confer upon them the privilege they had failed to receive or to claim. Her Majesty then makes an obeisance to the foreign royalties, which is returned by them, the organ strikes up Mendelssohn's thrilling 'March' in *Athalie*, and the brilliant throng fades away as it came, never to recover form or substance within the experience of the existing generation."

The interesting proceedings of the day, appealing so much to the heart and sentiment and feeling, were followed at nightfall by the more demonstrative appeal to the eye and the outward senses, in the illuminations that so generally prevailed throughout the metropolis. It would be in vain to attempt anything like a description of a whole cityful of devices in light and colour. One very interesting and original idea, however, gives the narrative its chiefest merit

—the view obtained of Illuminated London from the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. This bird's-eye view, 290 feet above the street level, gave a grand opportunity of observing how the greatest city in the world delighted to honour the Sovereign who has ruled over the empire, of which it is the capital and centre, for these fifty years. From this eyrie was seen a lurid glow of light illuminating the darkness; appearing, at intervals, as a luminous snake, threading its way and radiating in all directions, as the

A DISPLAY OF BUNTING.

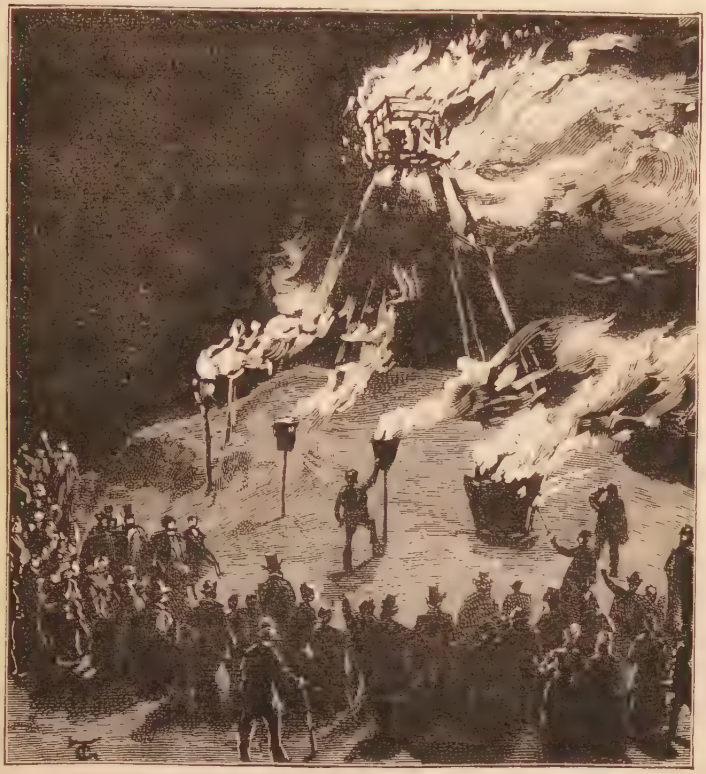
CANDLE ILLUMINATIONS.

various points of chiefest interest directed its course. The principal buildings were distinctly traceable. Bonfires were seen to blaze as far as Blackheath, Primrose Hill, and the heights of Highgate and Hampstead Heath. The electric light was rarely seen. Gas did the chief honours of the occasion. The little group in the Golden Gallery seemed to have been awed into silence rather than inspired with words, albeit representing the principal newspapers of the world; and by suggestion of the scene, the words of Wordsworth's sonnet came to the mind of the *Times* reporter,—

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty ;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the night."

The lighting of the beacon fires was a great success, beginning with the signal rockets and lighting of the Worcestershire Beacon at Great Malvern. The newspaper correspondents informed us that the ceremony of lighting this beacon fire was preceded, according to precedent, by a little allegorical prelude. At nine o'clock a procession was formed on the terrace at the eastern base of the hill, and a number of the principal inhabitants, bearing torches, wound their devious way up the height to a plateau known as St. Ann's Well. Here they halted and the National Anthem was sung by thousands of voices, on which a venerable "hermit of the hill" emerged from the hill fastness and inquired the cause of this disturbance of his repose, and after a reply by a youthful "fairy of the spring" the intruders proceeded on their way, the procession dividing at this point, one portion turning towards the north and ascending to the top of the North Hill, where the rockets were to be fired, and the other proceeding as direct as circumstances permitted up the Worcestershire Beacon, to light the beacon fire. Here the party were augmented by many thousands of persons, who had gathered from all parts, and who assembled round the beacon pile. Directly the Abbey clock struck ten, the first flight of rockets was sent up from the North Hill, and simultaneously Colonel Twyman applied a torch to the top of the heap of inflammable materials on the Worcestershire Beacon, which was quickly ablaze.

The night was clear and cloudless, but the atmosphere was heavy, and there was a north-east wind blowing. All round the country, from every point of vantage, people were on the look-out, and in a very short time fires were visible from many surrounding eminences in Worcestershire, Gloucester-



LIGHTING THE SIGNAL BEACON AT MALVERN, JUNE 21.

Hill answered to hill, until at last all the uplands of Great Britain were alight, from the tiny summits of Scilly in the West to the Isle of Thanet in the East, from the Isle of Wight in the South to Campril Fells in Lincolnshire. Mariners who approached our coasts say that the light of the fires on cape and headland was most impressive. Over all happily the atmosphere wore the softened mask of the most glorious of summer evenings.

shire, and Herefordshire. Worcester Cathedral, which, with the surrounding city, was clearly visible from Malvern, was illuminated by a brilliant exhibition of electric lights; and the city itself, being profusely illuminated, seemed enveloped in a blaze of fire. At ten o'clock the signal rocket was fired, and almost immediately the beacon glowed forth and in two minutes presented a brilliant light. In the short interval fires had broken out and rockets had been fired north and south, at Martley, Woodbury, Bredon Broadway, and Bredon Hills, while numerous other lights sprang up on other and more distant hills along the Severn Vale.

Thus closed the Jubilee Day, so long looked forward to, leaving behind it rich and glorious memories, sufficient to last a lifetime, and likely to be handed down to our children's children for many generations. For fully twelve months past, the spirit of English loyalty had been devising means whereby to express the feelings of a world-wide empire; and on Jubilee Day that loyal feeling found vent in a demonstration second to none in modern times, and which a French authority, by anticipation, called "the most splendid spectacle of the century." This spontaneous outburst of a nation's loyal attachment to their Queen and Constitution can only be accounted for by the fact that it was justified by the whole history of the fifty years—a period which may be called the Victorian Age.

And what a period it has been! so fraught with issues of the deepest moment to the nation, the empire, and the world at large! It seemed to us as though the whole generation had grown young again, in the contemplation, by contrast, of the youthful Queen of 1837, and of that same Queen, the head of four living generations, in 1887. Our thoughts instinctively went back upon the past when, as a girl of eighteen, the Princess Victoria found herself suddenly thrust to the front, to assume the sceptre of the mightiest nation under heaven. Brought up in comparative

privacy and seclusion, apart from the Court and its doings, the Princess nevertheless displayed, on her Accession to the Throne, a ruling power which has never failed her all these fifty years gone by. And at the close of this lengthened period of government, equalled by not more than three, and exceeded by only two, of her predecessors, the comparison stands fair as regards the longest of the preceding reigns, and the contrast an edifying one, as between the Then and the Now of the country over which she herself was called, half a century ago, in God's Providence, to rule. The whole period of the fifty years shows an unbroken record of domestic peace, of public honour, of unsullied personal character, and of a "doubly Royal" example to her people.

And all hearts are glad. There is much for our nation to be proud of, and to be thankful for. If a tinge of personal sadness has darkened any heart all through the festive time, it would be the heart of the Queen herself. Under any circumstances, the loneliness of a throne is great, hedged round as it is by forms of etiquette, and by the severe code of ceremony and reserve. That feeling has been intensified a hundred-fold by the bereavements that have befallen the Queen, and most of all that lifelong loss that left her a widow in her prime—that deep sorrow that she seems never to have forgotten, and is disposed never to forget. But, if the secret suffering still asserts itself, the face of the monarch that beamed upon her people on the Jubilee Day bore no trace of either sorrow or pain. It was a day of inward and outward sunshine, and her heart beat high in sympathy with the joy around her. And she was not alone. It was a grand and touching sight to see the galaxy of Royal and Imperial princes and princesses that preceded or followed her in her triumphal march to and from the venerable Abbey. A Mother of Kings, indeed, she showed herself to be that day. Sons and

daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren gathered round her in that now historic pageant. In no other capital in all the world could such a retinue be seen as that of the Princes of the Blood, that, with the dignity of conscious pride, accompanied her on her way to give God thanks for fifty years of providence and grace, and to crown her Jubilee in the House of God in a public act of solemn prayer and grateful praise.

In Westminster Abbey, June 21, 1887.

(*From Blackwood's Magazine.*)

AGAIN within these walls, again alone!
A long, long tract of fateful years between
The day I knelt, to rise a crownèd Queen,
Vowed thenceforth to be all my people's own,
And this, when, with an empire wider grown,
Again I kneel before high Heaven, to lay
My thanks for all which, since that earlier day,
Has blessed my goings and upheld my throne.
God! in this hour I think of him who made
My young life sweet, who lightened every care,
In sorest straits my judgment rightly swayed,
Lived, thought for me, all times and everywhere;
For him I thank Thee chief, who by his aid
Nerved me the burden of a crown to bear!

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

From the picture by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., *now in Windsor Castle.*

CHAPTER II.

VIVAT REGINA: JUBILEE SONGS AND CHORUSES.

BY CLARA THWAITES, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF LABOUR AND LEISURE." *

I. CHORUS.

"A Little Island in the Northern Sea."

A LITTLE Island in the Northern Sea
Cries to her utmost shores, "Rejoice with me!"
O sons, brave sons, so stalwart, true, and free,
O daughters fair—a Woman's jubilee,
A Sovereign's glad, imperial decree
Calls with a clarion tongue, "Rejoice with me!"

The mighty beat of England's generous heart
To furthest shores in proudest thrill pulsates;
At every call her myriad peoples start
To heed her bidding at their thousand gates.

Still beat, O mighty heart, with gracious will;
Still reign, sweet Queen, enthroned upon the seas!
Take the swift lightning, let thy mandate thrill
Where'er thy banner floats upon the breeze!

* A Musical Edition of these Jubilee Songs, set in Cantata form, by Myles Birket Foster, under the title "The Lady of the Isles," is published by Novello & Co.

II. CANADA.

SONG.

"O Gentle Queen, our Voices Call to Thee."

From dreary zones of far Canadia's snow,
Where dark-browed Indians trap the bounding deer,
To sunny vineyards of Ontario,
Where fruitful orchards crown the glowing year,
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!

From far Columbia and her forests deep,
Her mountain echoes, and her golden fields,
To broad St. Lawrence in impetuous sweep,
And glittering Erie with her silver shields,
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!

From ice-bound Labrador our voices call,
From frozen rivers to the summer sea,
From Athabasca unto Montreal,
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!

CHORUS.

"Thunder, Niagara!"

Thunder, Niagara,
Greetings afar!
Clash all your cataracts,
Fair Ottawa!
Winds of the forest,
Join our acclaim;
Swift-flowing rivers,
Utter her name!

Long live Victoria,
  Fair be her days!
O ye wild billows,
  Carry her praise!
Bear, O ye breezes,
  Over the foam
Canada's greetings
  To England and home.
Thunder, Niagara,
  Greetings afar!
Clash all your cataracts,
  Fair Ottawa!

III. INDIA.

SONG.

"O LAND BENEATH THE GLOWING SUN."

O LAND beneath the glowing sun,
  In summer's long embrace,
By Britain's bold adventurers won,
  And by her conquering race.

Himalya's snows upon the north
  The awful caverns know
That pour thy mighty rivers forth
  O'er all the plains below.

Flow, Ganges, flow, and, Indus, roll
  Where Hindoos bend the knees;
But let the fuller tide of soul
  Flow in through Western seas!

The Hindoo's toil—the wealth of Ind,
  Upon our Empire waits;
But let the fairer wealth of mind
  Pour in through Western gates!

Give, Ceylon, of thine orient pearl,
The ruby, amethyst,
And we will give our priceless Pearl,
The Vedas of our Christ.

Rejoice, O sons of Ind, to-day
In brotherhood of race,
With all beneath the Imperial sway
In this glad year of grace!

CHORUS.

"KAISAR-I-HIND!"

WE greet thee from Himalya's snows
To Vindhya's plains,
And Cashmere's valley of the rose,
Where summer reigns.
Kaisar-i-Hind!

From tangled depths of forest gloom,
And mountain pass,
The hot Terai's steps of doom,
And dark morass.
Kaisar-i-Hind!

From ancient cities grey with age,
Pagodas rare,
From motley tribes on pilgrimage,
To Ganges' stair.
Kaisar-i-Hind!

In Orient tongue we greet thee; let
Our voices swell
O'er mosque, and dome, and minaret,
And pealing bell.
Kaisar-i-Hind!

SOLO OR SONG.

"NOW BY THE BRAVE."

Now by the brave, who side by side
Together fought, together died,
The warriors whom we laid to rest,
The Indian turf upon each breast,
The land is ours.

Beloved and honoured are their graves,
The feathery palm above them waves,
And by their conquest and their gain,
And by their death-throes and their pain
The land is ours.

By Wellington and dauntless Clive,
By heroes who in fame survive,
By Lawrence, steadfast as a rock,
By Outram and by Havelock,
The land is ours.

IV. OCEANA.

"SHOULD THE ROYAL EAGLE'S EYRIE."

SHOULD the royal eagle's eyrie
On the lonely rock be rent
When the eaglets spread their pinion
With sorrow's wild lament?

Nay, nay, with exultation
Will the eagle watch their flight
O'er ocean's wide dominions
For conquest infinite.

And England gives her banner
To her stalwart sons of toil,

Whose folds shall wavè exultant
O'er wide Australia's soil.

Oh, may her race for ages
Renew her mighty youth,
And rear her hardy millions
In courage, faith, and truth!

CHORUS.

"OCEANA GREETS THEE."

OCEANA greets thee
With her glittering smiles—
Hail to Queen Victoria,
Lady of the Isles!

Oceans cannot sever
Links by ages wrought;
England's home is ever
Ours in loving thought.

Oceans are a pathway
For the brave and free,
Hands are clasped as brothers
O'er the rolling sea!

Oceana greets thee,
Throned upon the sea,
Empress, Queen of nations,
Hail thy Jubilee!

SONG.

"A BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

A BROTHERHOOD of nations
In patriotic pride
Ring out their salutations
Across the waters wide.

Ring out, ye bells of Sydney,
Across the harbour wide,
Where all the fleets of nations
At anchor rest may ride!

O'er dark primeval forests,
And o'er your caves of gold,
And ring across our prairies
For pasture and for fold.

CHORUS.

For thine are we, O England,
When peace upon thee waits,
And thine in true allegiance
If foes are at thy gates!

And thine when from thy steeples
Are rung from sea to sea
The joy-bells of thy peoples
In happy Jubilee!

SONG.

"THE GRANARY OF NATIONS."

THE Granary of Nations,
The store-house of the lands,
Amid her lakes and rivers
In fruitful glory stands.

The voice of vintage shouting
Is heard amid our vales,
And here the almond blossoms,
Nor vine nor olive fails.

And joy is ours in harvest
When, on the loaded wain,
A thankful, happy people
Bring home the golden grain.

Our harvest joy, O England,
Is thine from shore to shore,
For thy rejoicing people
Shall praise our threshing-floor.
Chorus—*For thine are we, O England.*

SONG.

"LO! FROM A LAND OF JEWELS!"

Lo! from a land of jewels
And realms of gold,
Whose rivers hold the glitter
Of wealth untold—

A realm wherein the sapphire
And opal gleam,
And gems are coldly cradled
In beck and stream—

The golden voice of labour
And faith and truth,
Ring out their salutations
In generous youth.

In rock or mine or river
Is no such gem
As loyalty's allegiance
For diadem.
Chorus—*For thine are we, O England.*

EMIGRANTS' SONG.

"AMID THE FOREST ECHOES."

AMID the forest echoes,
Afar from city throngs,
We cherish English blossoms,
And sing our English songs—
And sing our English songs.

The faith of our forefathers
We bear across the sea,
And chant among the prairies
Our grand old liturgy—
Our grand old liturgy.

And when on dear old England
Fond memory sadly dwells,
Across the wolds come floating
The sound of Sabbath bells—
The sound of Sabbath bells.

In fairer lands and ampler,
Through days of toil serene,
We serve with loyal service
Our country and our Queen—
Our country and our Queen.
Chorus—*For thine are we, O England.*

V. ENGLAND.

SONG.

"Oh, let the Bells' Melodious Speech."

Oh, let the bells' melodious speech
The happy homes of England reach,
And bid the land rejoice!
A golden theme is ours for song:
So ring, ye bells, with golden tongue
And tuneful voice!

Ye maidens fair, your garlands bring,
And on the pathway roses fling
For England's Queen to-day.
"*God save the Queen!*" thro' cannons' roar
And trumpet blasts, sing o'er and o'er,
Ye people gay!

A golden wedding, fair, serene,
'Twixt loving people and their Queen,
In thankfulness we seal.
Oh, may the years that o'er her fleet
Bring consolation pure and sweet,
And sorrow heal!

Oh, let the bells' melodious speech
The happy homes of England reach,
And bid the land rejoice!
A golden theme is ours for song:
So ring, ye bells, with golden tongue
And tuneful voice!

SONG.

"NOW MAY ONE STRAIN ARISE."

Now may one strain arise, in cadence tender,
And softened tone:
While all rejoice, O Queen, thy lonely splendour
We sorrowing own.

Alas! that one beloved was from thee taken
When needed most!
Alas! that love and triumph cannot waken
The loved—the lost!

Yet may this carol whisper that we hold thee
Above all praise:
The love of all thy people shall enfold thee
Through all thy days!

CHORUS.

Now, England, give to God alone
The glory of His Name,
Who reigns above
In might and love
For evermore the Same.

And since to thine all-conquering race
He gives the land and sea,
Your voices raise
To His great praise
On this glad Jubilee!

He lifteth up, He casteth down:
We live but in His smiles:
So tell His Name
And spread His fame—
The Lord of all the Isles!

The Coronation Day, June, 1838.

The following sonnet, which appeared in *The Fireside News*, was written on the day of the Queen's Coronation. How truly have prayers offered been graciously answered!

I SAW thee seated on a golden throne,
And mingled voices, round, below, above,
Joined in the expression of a nation's love,
And showed thy people hailed thee as their own.
And there thou sat'st in silent state—alone,
And heart-born prayers were breathed to Heaven for thee:
And there were sounds of choral harmony
Floating around: and still in every tone
Thy name was wreathed with blessings. In that hour
What were thy thoughts? Didst thou not feel the power,
Which, thus invoked, was surely poured forth there?
Oh, still, in after years, when tempests lower,
Or smiles surround, may it be thine to share
The blessings sought in that deep hush of prayer!

P. P.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

Unveiled by Her Majesty at Windsor, June 22.

This Statue is the work of Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., and was erected by the Public Subscription of the Inhabitants of Windsor.

CHAPTER III.

PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, B.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, MARGATE; AUTHOR OF "GOD'S TEN WORDS," ETC.

OUR Jubilee is the expression of a twofold feeling of patriotism and loyalty.

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

Patriotism stands next to religion as the noblest sentiment of the human soul, whether the fatherland be big or little, rich or poor. But as a noble name is a fine inheritance, so is a great country. It is a privilege, beyond words almost, to belong to an empire whose history is full of noble struggle and noble aim, whose laws are just, whose personal rights are sacred, and whose religion is pure. A man's country is an atmosphere which he breathes into his soul. As we say, it forms national character. If it is fallen, its people grow degraded; if it is illustrious, its people are distinguished, their spirit is devoted and patriotic.

Let us thank God that we can still believe, in spite of political strife and party feeling, that the patriotism of England is yet a living power in the world. May God's Spirit keep this patriotism pure and lofty and deathless, that we

may remain great and powerful! May we be kept from luxury and selfishness and greed of money! May He keep us in nobleness of idea and charity of feeling, that the national soul may be capable of sustaining the mighty form of greatness in which it has become embodied!

Now, when we look into the nature of English patriotism, we find it is made up of two powerful sentiments. One is an intense love of freedom, the other a strong feeling of loyalty to the monarch. These two feelings are very difficult to combine: in other nations they have been often opposed; but it is the happiness of England that her sons have been able to cultivate them side by side in strengthening relationships. If you watch the progress of our constitutional history, from struggle to struggle, from age to age, you cannot fail to see how the desire of freedom has ever been guided by love to the sovereign. Passionately desirous of the liberty of the subject, Englishmen have striven to unite its attainment with the preservation of a true loyalty.

Believe me, this is really a wonderful thing; it is a God-given instinct which underlies the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race. For, observe what is the common root in which such sentiments unite. It is this—the vital conviction which has distinguished Englishmen hitherto beyond all other peoples, that true freedom depends upon law and order. But this conviction makes as much for loyalty as for liberty, because the monarch is with us the fount and guardian of both, representing both law and order in harmonious union. "What," asks Charles Kingsley, in one of his national sermons, "what is the wonderful charm which has made the English great, which is stronger than money, and armies, and trade, and all the things which we can see and handle? St. Paul," he goes on, "tells us in this text: 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are

ordained of God.'" And he adds, "To respect the law, to believe that God wills men to live according to law, and that He will teach men right and good laws; that magistrates who enforce the laws are God's ministers, God's officers and servants; that to break the laws is to sin against God: that is the charm which worked such wonders, and will work them to the end of time." Kingsley is profoundly right. It is this spirit of reverence for law and order, which lies at the root of national greatness.

Therefore it is we celebrate the Jubilee of our Queen with praise to God and world-wide thanksgiving. Wherever there are Englishmen, there will be rejoicing of loyal hearts, the feeling of personal homage, the proud, grand imagination of all our monarch stands for of English greatness and English honour amongst the nations. She stands for the history of a thousand years of progress—political, intellectual, spiritual. She is the splendid centre, and also the subtle, uniting principle of vast dominion. She sits on an imperial throne, whose foundations are justice, liberty, religion, and peace.

Look at our Queen. Beginning her reign fifty years ago without experience, in the heyday of youth and beauty, when the blood runs so warmly, when fancy is so masterful, and the world so fascinating,—and it was all at her feet,—not only has she never given her people one single heartache, but she has kept her place with the wisest of rulers and the purest of women, and thus become a national blessing of priceless worth. And how? By a principle of life as profoundly wise and practical as it is simple. She has striven to be good; and that has been to England more than genius and more than statesmanship. The sweet, suggestive story has touched the heart of her people—how she had been brought up in ignorance that one day she would be Queen; how it became necessary to tell her; and how, after a moment of silence, she said to her governess, "I will be

good!" And good she has been, and her goodness has been her power. It was the goodness of her heart which underlay her loving choice of such a man as Prince Albert for her husband, the father of England's future king and of England's princes. It was her goodness which instinctively turned to sweeten and ennoble home with the feeling of love and duty, and so to bless the national heart. In her marriage and in her motherhood she set an example, in things which are more precious than wealth and more powerful than victories. When she began her reign, the fashionable world was contemptuous of virtuous love and married life. In rescuing them and placing them in honour in "England's Royal Home," she wrought her people lasting good.

Besides, her goodness, being so sincere, has attained almost to the dignity of a national policy. In cases of sorrow and catastrophe, she interprets the nation's heart and utters the nation's voice. Her letters, her telegrams, her messages of inquiry and sympathy, seem to be her whole people's. Have they not indeed become a world-wide influence of the noblest kind, appealing to the hearts of nations? Mrs. Howard Vincent, in her book of travels, tells how America to this day cherishes the memory of her quick and loving sympathy in that dark time of trial when President Garfield lingered so long 'twixt life and death. Indeed, we hear that she is almost as much beloved there as here, just because, being so great a Queen, she is also so good and true a woman.

She has been tried with sorrow; she has been put in the purging fires. This is part of her lofty influence. This is doubtless part of the Divine purpose. We have seen her in the hour of bereavement, a woman of grief, a lonely widow, a stricken mother. The nation has had sorrows, and she has mourned; and in turn she has wept, and the nation has grieved with her. And common sorrow has be-

gotten a union stronger than law, stronger than force, and deeper than power; for in her sorrow she has acknowledged God, and, gazing on the splendid throne, England has seen its Queen turn with reverence and worship to Him who sits King of kings invisible, but also the God of all comfort and the Father of consolation. She has honoured God, and, true to His promise, God has honoured her and blessed her people.

All this and far more is she on the throne of England. Time forbids to speak of her political sagacity, her loyalty to the Constitution, her devotion to her royal duties, her arduous labours, her grand self-repression in the midst of party conflicts. England has had few abler monarchs, and none like her in moral influence. And what critical times she has reigned through!—times in which the world has rushed through change after change, times of social upheaval and political dangers. That she has been what she has been, that she has been spared to us so long, that in all things she has been a woman to command reverence and inspire loyalty, is nothing less than a Divine providence calling for grateful acknowledgment.

Yes, let us lift it all up to God in heaven—our country, our Queen, our imperial greatness, our Church, our freedom, our laws, our statesmanship, and our wealth, and let us say, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the majesty, and all that is in the earth is Thine." And let us pray that He will inspire the heart of England with the spirit of faith in Him as God and Lord, and to be true to our world-wide responsibilities; and also with the spirit of loving loyalty to the Queen He has given and preserved to us these fifty years. May He still spare her for long years more in happiness and prosperity. May she live to see true religion flourish more and more; may she live to see the present grave crisis of political affairs happily settled, and the people of these three kingdoms one in mind and one in

heart. Long may she reign; and when she dies, as the Poet Laureate says, may she—

"Leave us rulers of her blood
As noble till the latest day;
May children of our children say
She wrought her people lasting good.

"Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace, her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT, 1886.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER IV.

*THREE JUBILEE NOTES: PRAISE, PRAYER, AND PRACTICE.**

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER.

"And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year. . . . It shall be a jubilee unto you."—*Lev.* xxv. 10.

I HAVE been asked to say a few simple words this morning about the Jubilee of our Queen, which we celebrate to-day. There is really so much that might be said, that I feel a difficulty. But I will just try to strike *three* Jubilee notes, which may, by God's blessing, set your hearts in tune for the Jubilee celebration in Walton and Felixstowe.

I. The first note, of course, is a note of *Praise.*

It is indeed well for us as a nation to keep our Jubilee. We have again and again sought *help* from God in times of national *sorrow*, and so answered the miserable scepticism that would fain persuade us we are living in an orphan world, without a Father to hear and answer prayer; and now we fitly recognise the Hand that spares and blesses us in our Jubilee of *praise.* We have seen a God to *help*, and *therefore* we can see a God to *thank.*

* An Address given in Walton Parish Church, Suffolk, on June 21st, 1887.

A "trapper"—a boy whose lonesome duty was to watch a door in a coal-mine, and keep it constantly shut, to guard against danger when the miners passed through—was once asked by a visitor in the mine how he got over the time. Wasn't it very dull work? The little fellow admitted that it was so. "But," he added, "I gather up the candle-ends the miners leave about, and I join them together; *and when I gets a light, then I sing.*" His grammar was bad; but his philosophy and his Christianity are most worthy of imitation.

I wish we were all more like that trapper boy in the mine. Of course, in our various callings, we all have some trying work to do; but if we were watchful, how often in daily, family, and personal life we might, each one of us, at least find some "candle ends," and say, with this wise boy, "When I get a light, then I sing"!

Now, we have a big *national light to-day*. There will be illuminations, and fireworks, and beacon lights, and candles burning everywhere. Let us be sure we all of us "sing." *What* shall we sing about? Well, I really can't think that any of us need an answer to that question. I confess I am proud to be an Englishman to-day. Truly, as a nation, "the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage." Our island home, our fruitful seasons, our wise and wholesome laws, security of person and property—enabling each to sit "under his own vine and under his own fig-tree," none being able to "make us afraid"; our open Bible—"the secret of England's greatness"; our Rest Day, our means of grace—what nation indeed can for one moment compare with ours?

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> 'This is my own, my native land'?"

At any rate, let us all say it to-day: and as we say it, remember how much of our national prosperity we may as-

suredly trace to the queenly example and influence of one who in her earliest years resolved, "I will be good," and reminded herself, as she thought of the coming crown, "There will be much splendour, but *more responsibility!*" Never did earthly monarch give utterance to a nobler sentiment.

Let us *praise* God, then, in our Jubilee celebration, for England as our native land, and for England's Queen.

II. My second Jubilee note is the note of *Prayer.*

I think Praise and Prayer are like parent and child. Those who praise the most, pray the most. But, oh, how slow we are to "count up our mercies"! Parents, praise God for your children! Children, praise God for your parents! Husbands, praise God for your wives! Wives, praise God for your husbands! Brothers, praise God for your sisters! Sisters, praise God for your brothers! Neighbours, praise God for your neighbours! Try and see all that is good, and precious, and pleasant in them: and then you will find it not only easy, but *most natural* to *pray* for them too. So also (and this is all I can find time to say about this Jubilee note of Prayer) as *subjects*—loyal subjects—try and get a due sense of *national* blessings and privileges, such as those get who leave old England, and are thinking to-day with fond remembrance of "the Isle of Beauty" in far distant climes; and you will not fail to *pray* for your country, your kindred, and your Queen.

III. And now, as my final Jubilee note, let this Celebration, this Thanks*giving* of ours, issue in thanks*living*. Let Praise and Prayer end—as they always should end—in *Practice.*

We all might, undoubtedly, be better than we are—better subjects, better masters, better servants. But I will only suggest one place in which improvement is possible. I mean the most sacred spot on earth, the *Home.* It is the Queen's Home-life that endears her to her people.

"A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

Hence it is true that—

"Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow
The jewel of example from their Queen,
To throw a radiance round their own fireside."

The humblest tributes to the Queen have sometimes been the most striking. For example, there was the tribute paid to her by the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur, the wife of a mason at Rhyl, when she wound up her description of Court life with the expression, that "the Queen was a good woman, *quite fit to have been a poor man's wife* as well as a Queen." No courtier ever uttered a higher tribute to royal worth. To serve well is the best qualification for ruling well; and Home-life, whether in a cottage or a palace, is the most important life of all. *Divine* Majesty was Majesty in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth and in the quiet home at Bethany; and the Queen sitting by the humble bedside of a cottage sufferer, reading the Word of Life, was, in deed and in truth the token that she was "doubly royal." Yes, my friends, whatever our position or dignity in this world, never let us be *proud* of it. Let us think, as the Queen thought, of our "responsibility," and that will keep us humble. Let us remember "nearest the *Throne*"—the Throne of the King of kings and Lord of lords—"nearest the Throne" itself must be "the footstool of humility"; and the best piety of all is "*piety at Home.*"

See to it, therefore, that there is piety in *your Home.* Let thanks*giving* and thanks*living* begin there. Parents, don't let your children say in after years, "We never heard our parents *praise* or *pray* in the *home.*" Set up the Home altar to-day, if it has not been set up before, as your *Jubilee Memorial.* And then, show *piety abroad.* Live for others, as Christ lived and died for thee; for that is true living.

One who thus lived, a dear, dear friend of my own, the "Royal Singer," Frances Ridley Havergal, well describes this true living:

"What wouldst thou be?
A blessing to each one surrounding me:
A chalice of dew to the weary heart;
A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow depart;
To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon-light;
A nightingale-song in the darkest night;
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul:
Such would I be:
Oh that such happiness were for me!"

It *was* for her, and it is for *thee*, if thou wilt seek the grace that alone can bring forth in any of our lives "the fruit of the Spirit."

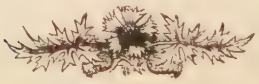
Life's story will end then with a Jubilee indeed! Life, it is true, will bring its trials; but, as the Queen found comfort (as she tells us), in *her* time of sorrow, in "a living personal Saviour, who loves us as a Brother and a Friend, to Whom all could come and should come with trust and confidence"—so may we. And when the *last* trial comes, "the Rock of ages"—the Prince Consort's hope in dying hour—will not slip from beneath our feet: "a good hope through grace" shall issue in the Jubilee of Heaven.

"O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!
A Hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call:
An honoured life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!"

Jubilee Sonnet.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NORTON, CURATE OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; AUTHOR OF "EMBLEMS OF THE HOLY GHOST," ETC.

QUEEN of these thronged isles 'mid Northern seas,
Empress of turbaned East, Monarch of prairied West,
Ruler of Austral lands in bright antipodes;
Enthroned in all hearts for loving best
Thy people's love; O Lady! thou dost reign
Majestic in dominion; half a hundred years
Have well-nigh doubled thine immense domain
Where sunshine ceaseth not; majestic in thy tears
For Albert, uncrowned king, who, for short season blest,
Walked by thy side and stilled thy woman's fears;
Majestic in thy mercy, for thy grief
In binding broken hearts hath found relief!
Victoria, hail! and, as the orb of day sinking to rest
Clothed with imperial purple fairer grows,
And through the optic ether larger shows,
So may thy life, good Queen, be grandest at its close.



A TRUE LOYALIST.

"Little children grow to men :
Loyal *now* is loyal *then*."

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN AND THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

THE opening of the People's Palace in East London on Saturday, May 14th, was a happy commencement of the rejoicings of the Jubilee season. Nothing could have been simpler than the Royal pageant itself. The pageant, in fact, was the Queen; to see her, to greet her, to hail every step of Her Majesty's happy way, with acclamation, with cheers which met her, encompassed her, and followed her in a sustained salvo of popular pleasure—this was the beginning, the middle, and the end of the out-of-doors ceremony.

The Queen's route took her through several miles of leading London thoroughfares; and from end to end the festal decorations had no break. It seemed in the perspective as if every house were richly blazoned with a cheering tribute of some sort or another; and loud and frequent were the praises of the people, many declaring that such a sight had never been witnessed in that district before.

At the City boundary, a great banner, suspended over the middle of the thoroughfare, bade the Queen "Welcome to Whitechapel!" At the Jews' Hospital, "The Lord Bless thee and Preserve thee," crossed the road in letters of Hebrew and of English. The London Hospital was made very gay; but no part of its decoration was more pleasing

and significant than the contrast displayed in two escutcheons, one of which bore the words, "1837—In-patients, 2,961; Out-patients, 9,713;" while the other read, "1886—In-patients, 8,102; Out-patients, 80,591." Throughout Whitechapel, bunting was carried across the roadway at very frequent intervals, as though it marked the ribs of a continuous marquee.

Approaching the People's Palace was a great novelty in decorations. Two fire-escapes were made into an arch across the roadway, their tops being interlocked and a score of gallant firemen manning the netting on the one side and the other, with the turncock at the bottom on one side. Indeed, all along the line not even the very poorest had missed doing something to brighten up their houses. In short, nothing was missed that was susceptible of the expression of delight and satisfaction at the visit of the Sovereign. The Queen's face brightened up as she came to the front of one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which was lively with hundreds of the children whom he has rescued, and the youngsters gave ample vocal proof of the loyal principles in which they are being brought up. A similar but smaller group a little further on repeated the greetings to the first lady of the land. In the streets outside the barriers hundreds tried to peep over the shoulders of their fellows, if only to get a glance at the plumes of the Life Guardsmen; and many an expression of disappointment arose that the less happy had not been able to see anything. "Where is the Queen gone to?" asked a lad. "Gone?" replied a basket-woman; "why gone into the Lord Mayor's to get a bite and a sup, poor thing!" And indeed a woman younger than England's Monarch might well have needed refreshment after such a two hours as she had spent seeing her people in East London, and being seen and cheered by them.

The stirring music of the stately Guards served to set

everybody in good temper. "Ay," said a bystander in the crowd, with a baby in her arms, "it's good business, this People's Palace, though it sounds mighty funny to some of 'em, I'll be bound. Fancy the people wot lives up courts and alleys 'aving a palace all to theirselves." "Ah," replied her companion, "they only gits it to look at—not to live in." "But they can go to it when they like," rejoined the elder woman, "and that's something." And that it is "something," and something in the nature of an inestimable boon—standing, as it does, in the heart of so thickly populated a district—doubtless forcibly commended itself to the judgment of every one who witnessed the ceremony.

The general aspect of the festival ornaments was humble to a pathetic point; and yet so cordial, so unaffectedly sincere, and so respectful that the Sovereign's heart must have been touched many and many a time as she gazed upon the abounding signs of her people's homely attachment. No classical figures or allegories, no foreign tongues or fantastic devices interfered with the plain British greeting prepared by the East End. All was as straightforward and matter-of-fact as "Rule Britannia!" If a couple of opposite houses, or a pair of loyal neighbours had something nice to say to Her Majesty, they put it down in big white letters upon a scarlet or blue or golden ground, and hung it where she could see and understand it with half an eye. One would run, "Your Majesty is Welcome as Flowers in May." Another, glancing tenderly at the past, bore "Greeting to the Widow of Albert the Good!" and again a touch of poetry would be essayed here and there, as, for example, "Was there ever such a May-time? Was there ever such a Queen?" and elsewhere, "She is—but Words cannot Say all that she is! Think what a Perfect Queen should be, and she is That!" Sometimes the rejoicing yet thrifty tradesman would unite loyalty with a stroke of business, as in the case of one enthusiast who had suspended across his establish-

ment "Honour the Queen and Drink Thomas's Tea." If a poetic outburst now and then halted a little in its metre, or left something to be desired as to rhyme, the meaning was always unexceptionable, as where some worthy citizen had brilliantly emblazoned and displayed the distitch, "May your Heart be for ever As light as a Feather!"

An aspiring bootmaker boldly expressed an ardent hope: "May the *sole* Aim of the Upper Ten be to Benefit the People." A pawnbroker, with a laudable if a somewhat incredible purpose in life in these degenerate days, avowed himself to be there, "Not for Self, but for the People." Amongst the other mottoes in the Mile End Road was "Poor in District, your Presence makes us Rich in Affection."

"God bless the Prince and Princess," and under that, "The Bees Welcome their Queen," was the selected motto at the "Beehive," an artificial flower-maker's; whilst a hide and leather factor opposite manifested his devotion to his Queen and his calling at one and the same time, displaying the coat of arms with the device, "Loyal to our Queen we will Stick to the Last." A stand erected outside the rectory of St. Mary's Church bore the words, "The Presence of a King engenders Love among his Subjects," and another device outside a retail trader's expressed the wish, "May Prosperity follow your Gracious Visit." "Success to the People's Palace" appealed to the eye several times; but probably the most frequent of any one sort of device all along the road was "Long Live the Queen—Long may she Reign," or "God Bless (or Save) the Queen."

In one word, the reception of the Queen in every part of her progress was marked by an enthusiastic loyalty worthy of the affection in which she has ever been held by her people.

On entering the Palace, the Queen was evidently well pleased with the cordiality of her reception, the continuous cheering echoing round the hall from floor to gallery, and

with a smile upon her face she bowed repeatedly. A loyal address was then read by Sir Edmund Currie, and Her Majesty made a gracious reply. A gold key of the Hall was next handed to the Queen, and Madame Albani sang "Home, sweet Home."

The Prince of Wales then advancing to the front, in a loud voice said: "I am commanded by Her Majesty to declare the Queen's Hall now open." No sooner were the words uttered than the Queen's trumpeters spake with a triumphant flourish in token of the announcement, and the Queen rose and stood with the assemblage while part of the "Old Hundredth" was sung.

"The Heart of this Great Nation."

BY THE REV. W. BLAKE ATKINSON, VICAR OF BRADLEY,
AUTHOR OF "PILGRIM SONGS," ETC.

THE heart of this great nation
Draws nigh, O Lord, to Thee,
With praise and exultation
This day of Jubilee;
For this Thy favour's token
We raise the joyful strain,
Full fifty years unbroken
Of one good monarch's reign.

To Thee we come, confessing
How rich those years have been
In heavenly grace and blessing
On our beloved Queen;
We thank Thee for the guiding
Of Thy almighty Hand,
The inward peace abiding
Within our dear old land.

Lord, with a people's praises,
Accept a people's prayer,
The prayer our country raises,
And all our kindred share,
That Thou wouldst keep and strengthen
The Queen we love so well,
Her days with honour lengthen,
Her foes before her quell.

Grant her Thy full salvation,
Thou Giver of all good;
And make this favoured nation
One world-wide brotherhood,
All righteous fruits to render
And o'er all wrong prevail,
Till in Thy kingdom's splendour
All earthly crowns grow pale.

INFLATING THE GREAT BALLOON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE IN HYDE PARK.

THE festival for the thirty thousand little ones, drawn from the various London Schools, passed off most successfully. The Duke of Wellington was the author of a celebrated saying about the difficulty of getting ten thousand men in and out of Hyde Park. Great credit is due to the organizers of this vast school-treat for solving the infinitely more difficult task of bringing three times ten thousand children from their homes to Hyde Park, and taking them safely to their parents' keeping again. Special honour is due to Mr. Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who initiated this brilliant *fête* for the little ones, and also to the organizing Committee, of which he was Secretary and Treasurer.

The children's *fête* took place in Hyde Park on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 22nd of June, and passed off without any accident to mar its complete success. The children, some 30,000 in number, assembled in two divisions, each composed of several brigades, and marched from Regent's Park and St. James's Park to Hyde Park, where a large space had been marked out with Venetian masts. This was guarded by military and police, and ten military bands were engaged. Refreshments and various amusements were provided for the children. The rations

for each child were distributed in paper bags, and consisted of substantial fare, such as meat-pies, squares of cake, and buns, besides oranges ; while lemonade, gingerbeer, and milk were supplied as required in each tent. Some 62,000 buns, 30,000 meat-pies, and 30,000 oranges were served out, with 9,000 gallons of beverages.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen had volunteered their assistance in distributing the food to the children, the ten marquees being presided over by the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Countess of Rosebery, the Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. Lawson, the Countess Spencer, Lady Rothschild, the Countess of Lathom, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Lady Hayter, each of whom was helped in her pleasant task by eleven other ladies and twelve gentlemen. In addition to the various entertainments there were distributed 1,000 skipping-ropes, 10,000 small gas-balloons, and no fewer than 42,000 prizes, consisting of an infinite variety of toys. Medals, moreover, were furnished to the children, having on one side a portrait of the Queen in 1837, and on the other her portrait in 1887. The girls and boys entered into the amusements provided for them with immense zest ; and throughout the bright summer afternoon the green sward of the Park was transformed into an admirable playground, where the children disported themselves to their boundless satisfaction, never, however, allowing their exuberance to degenerate into unseemly roughness. Their uniform good behaviour, indeed, was not among the least gratifying of the many gratifying features of the festival.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the three Princesses, arrived soon after four o'clock, and appeared much pleased by the manifest gratification which their presence afforded to the children. Their Royal Highnesses, after having been received by Mr. Lawson and conducted to the Committee Tent, proceeded to one of the ordinary tents,

where the distribution of memorial cups was going on. Having made their way through the juvenile and excited throng which pressed round them, the Prince and Princess handed a cup each to several of the children. The visit was quite unpremeditated, and no arrangements had been made. It was therefore a case of first come first served, and the children struggled hard with outstretched hands

MUG OF DOULTON WARE,
Designed for the London School Children's Fête in Hyde Park.

in their efforts to secure a cup from the hands of their Royal Highnesses. The Prince smiled good-humouredly at their eagerness; and as he left the tent, "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was sung with much heartiness.

The Queen was expected on the ground at half-past five, but it was considerably later before Her Majesty's Procession arrived. In the interval, several of the Royal guests joined the Prince and Princess of Wales in the reserved

enclosure, the children cheering lustily as they drove past. The Crown Prince of Germany was recognised and duly acclaimed; and the Duke of Cambridge as he rode by was also the object of the children's plaudits. The King of the Hellenes, the King of Denmark, the Duke of Sparta, Prince William of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and other princely personages, were each in turn the object of the children's wonder.

At last the appearance of a dozen mounted constables trotting up the roadway betokened that the chief event of the day might shortly be expected. The Royal carriages, which were immediately preceded by outriders in scarlet, were all open, and some were drawn by four horses. To complete the picture, for such it was, several of the Royal Princes appeared in uniform. Then came the Queen's carriage, and the Queen herself, looking none the worse for the fatigues of Tuesday's ceremony. In the same carriage with the Queen were the Duke of Edinburgh and the Crown Princess of Germany. In the carriages following were Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught, and other daughters and daughters-in-law of Her Majesty.

The Queen's carriage was stopped opposite the flag-staff, and the chief ceremony of the day was at once begun. Miss Lawson had the honour of offering Her Majesty a splendid bouquet of the loveliest orchids wrapped round with a silvered satin holder, bearing the inscription of the gateway —"Not Queen alone; but Mother, Queen, and Friend in one!" Other presentations followed, and then the Prince of Wales led to the Royal carriage a little maid, twelve years old, Florence Dunn by name, wearing many school medals, and possessing a special record of attendance and good conduct. In her little hands the Queen graciously and sweetly placed the cup, saying, "I am pleased to give you this memorial of my Jubilee, dear child."

HOME FROM THE PARK—THE JUBILEE MUG, JUNE 22.

The Union Jack now went up the flagstaff under the Royal Standard, and the bands struck up the first bar of the Old Hundredth, in which the little voices joined. "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was next played, and, last of all, "God Save the Queen," and the Royal carriage rolled away towards Paddington, on the way to Windsor. Before her departure, however, the Queen expressed to Mr. Lawson, in the most kind and impressive language, the pleasure which the spectacle had afforded her, and her satisfaction at beholding so many young and happy faces around her.

The last strains of the National Anthem now summoned the teachers to collect their flocks: the children fell into marching order, and filed out into their homeward roads, carrying gladness and wonder in their hearts, and in their pocket-handkerchiefs, carefully tied up, the precious cups, which were to recall to them for many a year to come the wonderful day of sunshine and delight in Hyde Park.

One of the most touching and pathetic sights in the Park, was the sight of the sightless. A batch of little blind girls and boys were led about by carefully appointed guides and treated like gentle invalids, everything being explained to them, and every available pleasure imparted.

From first to last the *fête* was a great success; and although some had prognosticated serious mishaps in the care of so many children, nothing occurred to mar the happiness of the day. There were a few little wanderers who lost themselves in their enjoyment; but since each boy and girl wore a ticket with the name of the holder and the number of the school tent, they were soon found again. The watchful interest extended to their charges by the teachers who accompanied the small folk, was almost in itself sufficient to reassure the most nervous of mothers.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales hit upon the idea of the Jubilee mug. The Prince is said to have been very much struck with the distribution of rough brown cups,

bearing the Imperial cipher in relief, a distribution which was chosen by the Czar as a method of commemorating the marriage of the Czarevitch. The mugs, productions of Messrs. Doulton, were great improvements on the original. The ground is of polished cream-coloured earthenware, and the two portraits of the Queen (1837 and 1887) are artistically executed in neutral tints. The latter is from the photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin.

Engraved from a Photograph by R. & E. TAYLOR.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

HAPPY in its inception—happy, too, in having for its presiding genius the Heir Apparent to the Throne—the Imperial Institute has grown at length from an idea to a reality. It has long possessed a name; and we have now witnessed the beginning of what is destined at no distant date to be its local habitation. In the presence of a brilliant assemblage, and attended by every auspicious circumstance, the foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute was laid by the Queen on Monday, July 4th. It was a great event, an event in significance, in grandeur, and in the interest it excited, second only to that memorable occasion which it has succeeded by so short an interval of time. Again there was a company of Kings and Princes, an assemblage of Lords and Commons, a gathering together of all that represents the authority of the nation and the Empire.

The Imperial Institute is being established and constituted as a permanent and visible sign of that mutual dependence and hearty goodwill upon which the greatness of the Empire depends. This in the first place; and in the second, it is the sincere and confident hope of those who, struggling against great difficulties, and in the face of much outspoken criticism and opposition, have seen the accom-

plishment of the beginning of their desires, that the building of which the foundation-stone has now been laid may form a central point for the dissemination and the encouragement of the idea that the unity of feeling between Great Britain, her colonies, and her dependencies is a great and a powerful fact.

Nothing could have been more favourable to a splendid ceremonial than the conditions of weather; nor was Her Majesty's progress from Paddington Station to South Kensington, although by no means to be compared with the pageant on Jubilee Day, wanting in elements of magnificence.

The pavilion erected for the occasion seated 11,000 persons. From floor to roof there was a compact array of people assembled in their thousands to bid God-speed to a noble undertaking. It was a scene rendered the more imposing in that it was possible to see over the whole of the pavilion from every point of view. One of the most remarkable features of that remarkable display, was the great diversity of the costumes and uniforms to be seen on every hand. There were Judges in their wigs and scarlet robes of office, there were Indian Princes attired in the apparel of their native country, there were English statesmen in Court dress and the stars and ribands of their various Orders. Soldiers and civilians seemed to vie with each other in the splendour and brilliancy of their attire. Here and there, too, might be seen an Indian lady, whose dark complexion was happily set off by her cool white muslin drapery, and who seemed quite unaffected by the heated atmosphere of the pavilion, although thousands of extemporized fans fluttered from every portion of the building.

The Prince of Wales read an address on behalf of the Organizing Committee of the Institute, to which the Queen made the following gracious reply :—

"It is with infinite satisfaction that I receive the address

in which you give expression to your loyal attachment to my Throne and person, and develop the views that have led to the creation of the Imperial Institute.

"I concur with you in thinking that the counsels and exertions of my beloved husband initiated a movement which gave increased vigour to commercial activity, and produced marked and lasting improvements in industrial efforts.

"One indirect result of that movement has been to bring more before the minds of men the vast and varied resources of the Empire over which Providence has willed that I should reign during fifty prosperous years.

"I believe and hope that the Imperial Institute will play a useful part in combining those resources for the common advantage of all my subjects, and in conducing towards the welding of the colonies, India, and the mother country into one harmonious and united community.

"In laying the foundation-stone of the building devoted to your labours, I heartily wish you God-speed in your undertaking."

Then followed the ode written for the occasion by Mr. Lewis Morris and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. It was performed by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society and a full orchestra, assisted by the pupils of the Royal College of Music, under the conductorship of the composer. The ode is as follows :—

"With soaring voice and solemn music sing,
High to Heaven's gate let pealing trumpets ring !
To-day our hands consolidate
The Empire of a thousand years ;
Delusive hopes, distracting fears,
Have passed, and left her great.
For Britain, Britain, we our jubilant anthems raise ;
Uplift your voices all, worthy is she of praise !

Our Britain, issuing at the call of fate
From her lone islets in the Northern Sea,
Donned her Imperial robe, assumed her crowned state,
Took the sole sceptre of the Free;
Mid clang of arms her crescent glory rose,
By shattered fleet and flaming town,
Victorious at the last o'er all her foes,
Embattled rolls her splendid story down.
Soldier and seaman side by side,
Her strong sons greatly dared and bravely died.
Close on their steps her dauntless toilers went
O'er unknown sea and pathless continent;
Till, when the centuries of strife were done,
They left the greatest Realm beneath the sun!
Praise them and Her, your grateful voices raise!
Mother of Freedom! thou art worthy of our praise!

No more we seek our Realm's increase
By War's red rapine, but by white-winged Peace;
To-day we seek to bind in one,
Till all our Britain's work be done—
Through wider knowledge closer grown,
As each fair sister by the rest is known,
And mutual Commerce, mighty to efface
The envious bars of Time and Place,
Deep-pulsing from a common heart
And through a common speech expressed—
From North to South, from East to West,
Our great World Empire's every part;
A universal Britain, strong
To raise up Right and beat down Wrong:
Let this thing be! who shall our Realm divide!
Ever we stand together, Kinsmen, side by side!

To-day we would make free
Our millions of their glorious heritage;

THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1887.

Here, Labour crowds in hopeless misery,
There, is unbounded work and ready wage.
The salt breeze calling stirs our Northern blood,
Lead we the toilers to their certain good ;
Guide we their feet to where
Is spread for those who dare
A happier Britain 'neath an ampler air.
Uprise, O Palace fair !
With ordered knowledge of each far-off land
For all to understand !
Uprise, O Palace fair, where for the Poor shall be
Wise thought and love to guide o'er the dividing sea !

First Lady of our British Race !
'Tis well that with thy peaceful Jubilee
This glorious dream begins to be ;
This thy lost Consort would, this would thy Son,
Who has seen all thy Empire face to face,
And fain would leave it One.
Oh, may the Hand which rules our fate
Keep this our Britain Great !

We cannot tell, we can but pray
Heaven's blessing on our work to-day.
Uprise, O Palace fair, where every eye may see
This proud embodied Unity !
For Britain and our Queen one voice we raise.
Laud them, rejoice, peal forth ; worthy are they of praise !"

The Queen then advanced to the spot where the stone was to be laid, and the Prince of Wales handed to her a statement of the origin of the Institute, together with a collection of the coins of the present year. These, with the assistance of the Prince, Her Majesty deposited beneath the stone. His Royal Highness the President then handed the silver trowel to the Queen, who proceeded to lay the

first stone, a block of colonial granite over three tons in weight.

The Archbishop of Canterbury then offered the following prayers :—

"Almighty God, we beseech Thee mercifully to receive our hearty prayers and thanksgivings for our Gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and for all the years of Her sovereignty. So rule her heart that she may still possess the hearts of all she rules, and evermore rejoice in Thy eternal strength; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"We yield Thee hearty thanks, O Heavenly Father, for the abundance of dominion, the loyal majesty and might of India and the Colonies, wherewith, even to this year of Jubilee, Thou hast multiplied the Empire of our Queen, and fortified it. We praise Thee for the swift increase of knowledge with power, freedom with reverence, and truth with faith, and for gifts untold above all that we could ask or think. And of all these things, O Lord, we pray Thee to make this Institute, for future and for past, an instrument and record. And humbly we beseech Thee to grant that, overmastering all base passion and selfish greed, protected against temptations and delivered from all evils, the unnumbered peoples of the Queen may be kept in dutiful remembrance of her laws and Throne, and serve Thee with brotherly bearing of one another's burdens; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Bless Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family, that they may continue before Thee in health, peace, joy, and honour, and be crowned with Thy grace and life eternal; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Prosper with Thy favour, O Lord, the foundation, purpose, and enduring uses of this Imperial Institute. Amen."

During the ceremony Her Majesty recognised and saluted

ENGLAND'S "ROYAL HOME."

"Windsor's grey historic pile."

several of the royal personages on the dais. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Queen left the pavilion on the arm of the Prince of Wales, "Rule Britannia" being played and sung as Her Majesty was conducted to her carriage amid the cheers of the audience.

The *Times* says :—"From first to last the pageant formed a gorgeous and memorable picture; but it was not the splendour of the spectacle or the importance of the ceremonial which thrilled the hearts of all beholders. It was the presence of that Royal lady, whose suite consisted not alone of lords and ladies, but also of what Dryden has called—

> "'The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
> A series of successful years,
> In orderly array a martial, manly train.'

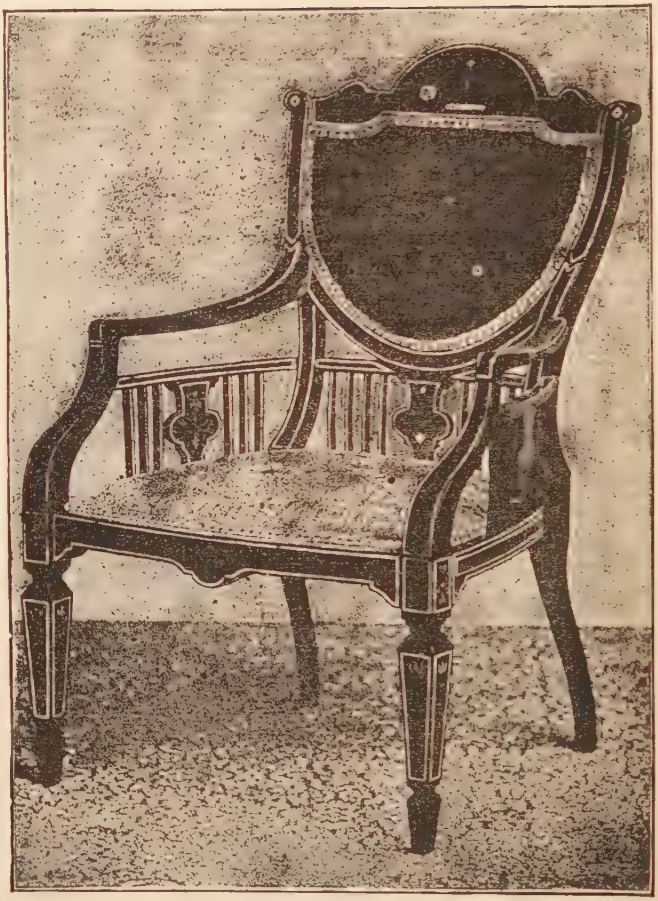
As the eye roved from end to end of that great theatre, and fell upon the thirty tiers of spectators rising from the floor in regular gradation until the topmost almost touched the canvas covering overhead, the mind unconsciously reverted to the Jubilee thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey. The ceremonial was felt by all who witnessed it to be a happy sequel and a fitting complement to that historic scene. But it was more than this—it was a contrast also. In the one case the prevailing sentiment was one of retrospection; in the other it was one of hopeful anticipation. And so the scene, brilliant and imposing though it was, was fraught with an interest far deeper and far more abiding than any that pertains to mere spectacular magnificence. It was the symbol of the fact that the triumphs of peace have contributed more than those of war to the greatness of our Empire."

The Queen's Speech.

THE Speech from the Throne on the prorogation of Parliament fitly concluded with a passage of personal feeling on the subject of the affectionate loyalty and attachment exhibited towards Her Majesty from every part of her Empire during the season of Jubilee. The Queen's thanks are known to be earnest and heartfelt; and we believe they are expressed in her own chosen words, when she says:—

"This year, as the fiftieth anniversary of my reign, has been the occasion for the expression of a fervent loyalty on the part of my subjects throughout the Empire which has deeply touched me. I am indeed truly grateful for the warm and hearty proofs of affection which have reached me from all classes; and, in thanking God for the blessings He has vouchsafed to me and to my country, I trust I may be spared to continue to reign over a loving, faithful, and united people."

THE FIRESIDE NEWS.



CHAIR

Presented to the Queen by the Children of High Wycombe.

CHAPTER VIII.

JUBILEE PRESENTS TO THE QUEEN.

IT is quite impossible to enumerate all the costly and beautiful gifts presented to the Queen during the Jubilee celebrations. A selection only can be mentioned.

Foremost among them was one contributed by the immediate members of Her Majesty's family. It is a magnificent heraldic silver plateau, richly gilt in places, and very elegantly chased and engraved. The central ornament is a vase of unique design, embossed with gold medallion portraits of the Queen-Empress and coats of arms, and engraved with the names of the Princes and Princesses, the top being surmounted by a Royal crown. On one side there is a figure of a lion, and on the other that of a jewelled unicorn, and around the base is the following dedicatory inscription, "To our beloved Mother and Grandmother, Queen Victoria, in Remembrance of the Fiftieth Anniversary of her Reign. From her Children and Grand-children." The present was accompanied by a portfolio, containing the autographs of the donors.

The contribution from the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal Household was a magnificent oxidized silver centre-piece, inlaid with silver, of classic design, and bearing the inscription, "To Queen Victoria, from her loyal and faithful

Household, 1837—1887." The Queen's servants gave a handsome silver dessert service.

A very interesting contribution was a large leather-covered brass-nailed trunk, furnished with a handsome ormolu key, and having plates with the inscriptions, "Victoria, R.I. A Jubilee Offering from the Women of her Kingdom, June 21, 1887"; "The hearts of her people safely trust in her"; "Nations shall rise and call her blessed"; and "The names of her people shall be dear in the eyes of their Ruler."

The women of Ireland gave a large, handsomely-carved oak chest, with harp and crown on the lid, and the inscription, "Irishwomen's Jubilee Offering to the Queen, 1837—1887"; the Royal monogram being displayed on the box. Within was deposited a scroll containing the signatures of 149,346 loyal Irish women, each signature representing a contribution. The total amount was £3,700, the great bulk being the pence of the poorer classes.

Queen Kapiolani, of the Sandwich Islands, sent a tasteful wreath (the work of her own hands), which, as well as Her Majesty's initials, is composed of rare feathers, mounted on blue plush, in a gilt frame. The inscription is in the native dialect.

The large blue velvet banner bearing the words, "God Bless our Queen: not Queen alone, but Mother, Friend, and Queen in one," used at the children's *fête* in Hyde Park; and the elegant white satin embroidered quilt worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework, of which Princess Christian is the president, are gifts which Her Majesty received most graciously.

A very beautiful carriage rug, composed of white sea-birds' plumage, bordered with red and green cloth, the colours of the gift being suggestive of those of the little community upon the island rock in the German Ocean, was "Presented to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and Empress

of India, on her Jubilee, by the women of Heligoland, one of the smallest of her colonies." The translation of the native inscription, worked in handsome gold thread, Old English letters, on the border, is as under: "Green is the land, Red is the cliff, White is the sand—these form the arms of Heligoland."

The children of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of the chairmaking industry, gave a handsome arm-chair of local design and manufacture.

A Jubilee Jerusalem Cross, contributed by the British residents in the Holy City and Palestine, was made of olive wood in the workshop of the London Jews' Society House of Industry at Jerusalem, and is a combination of five crosses in the form known as the Crusaders' Jerusalem Cross, in which four smaller Latin crosses are grouped around a large central one. The inscription, which is in black lettering, is as under: "The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Sion.—Psalm cxxxiv. 3." There are several Hebrew sentences on the cross, which is decorated with the Royal crown and bunches of wheat and grapes, finely carved in mother-of-pearl, and also bears the words, "Jubilee year, June 20, 1887."

The miscellaneous gifts contributed by the women of Stockport, in Cheshire and Lancashire, included specimens of the industries and arts of the district. Among the presents were felt hats, Turkish bath-towels, string, twine, cord, rope, cotton prints, a glass case with bottles of sugared almonds, creams and other sweets, and glasses of marmalade; a case of perfumes, glass jars of dry colours, and other articles. The contribution is accompanied by a beautiful model of Bram Hall, the ancient seat of the Davenport family, and one of the finest half-timbered houses in Cheshire. The drawer in the stand contained the addresses of the fair donors.

The gift of the Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Wilber-

force was a paper-knife made from one of the oak piles driven into the bed of the Tyne during the construction of the Pons Alii by the Romans in A.D. 120.

From the Gold Coast there was a valuable casket of gold dust and nuggets found in West Africa, and manufactured by native smiths at Christianborg Castle, Accra.

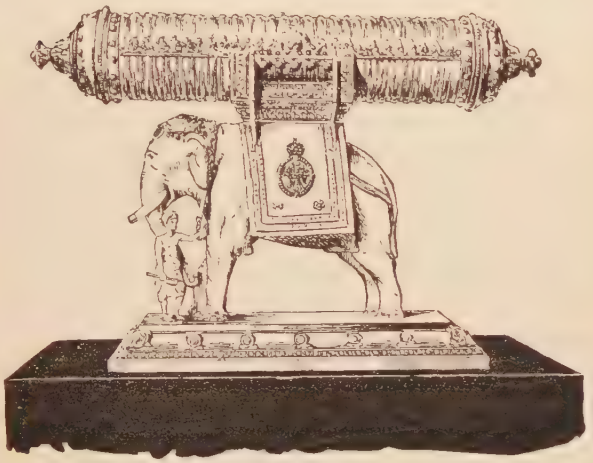
The British residents of Mogador contributed a beautiful specimen of Timbuctoo goldwork in the shape of an elegant necklace and pendant of Moorish design; and a gilt casket was the Jubilee offering of the Burmah women.

Amongst the smaller gifts are the Queen's cup from the Children's Hyde Park Fête, another made in honour of the Jubilee of King George III. in 1809 (the latter given by Captain Baxter, R.E.); a gold impression of a medal presented by the Mayor of Wrexham and the local committee to 5,000 Sunday School children; two handsome vases of Worcester porcelain, the gift of Mrs. W. Holland, the wife of the mayor of that city; a small miniature in china of Lord John Manners, sent by his granddaughter to her godmother the Queen; a branch of olives from Mount Sion, tied with red, white, and blue ribbons, sent by Mr. H. Gillman, the United States Consul at Jerusalem; a chart from the Harbour Masters of Great Britain and Ireland, and a copy of the *Royal Gazette* Jubilee supplement, published at Demerara, in British Guiana.

The "Inner Household" presented a framed water-colour lake scene, by E. W. Cook, which stands upon an easel near the throne. The German ladies resident in England gave a water-colour drawing, representing the betrothal of Prince Henry of Prussia. Another noticeable gift was a box made of bread fruit, Royal palm, Palma Christi, banana, aloe, and many other native woods, containing an address from the Commercial Hall, Barbadoes.

The Indian gifts were of a rich and varied description. Prominent among them was an address from the inhabitants

of the Madras Presidency. The document was enclosed in an elegant circular silver-gilt casket, set with rubies and turquoises, and supported by an oxidized silver elephant, caparisoned with a frosted silver cloth, ornamented with rubies and gold tassels and a crown, the Royal monogram being surmounted by a raised gold garter. The frontlet on the animal's head is prettily adorned with rubies and pearls.



JUBILEE CASKET

Presented to the Queen by the people of Madras.

The base of the work is composed of silver-gilt and studded with malachite beads; and upon a plate beneath the elephant is the inscription, "Jubilee Address from the Presidency of Madras, 1887." Another address from the Madras Presidency, in a silver case, was "Presented with a

narrative of the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee in Madras to Queen Victoria, Empress of India, on behalf of thirty-one millions of her loyal subjects in that presidency." The Bombay address was contained in a large ivory cabinet with silver-gilt enrichments. The municipality of Calcutta also sent an address. His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad contributed a handsome silver-gilt tray; the inhabitants of Poona, a panelled silver casket; and the University of Bombay, a wood-and-silver case with addresses. The native Protestant Christians in the native state of Travancore, under the Madras Government, sent an address enclosed in a red morocco case.

The Nawab Amir-i-Akbar Asmar Jah Bahadur contributed a gold vase, a cover and dish richly enamelled and set with diamonds, inlaid damascene spice-boxes, vases, candlesticks, small cabinets, and inlaid ivory jewel-case, and other gifts. The presents from the Maharajah of Kuch Behar comprised a beautiful ivory workbox and writing-desk with gold and ivory fittings, in a blue satin-lined case, that of the Maharani being a large diamond pendant. The address from the English ladies in the Punjaub was contained in a vase of richly damascened Indian work, and that of the inhabitants of Rangoon in a handsome silver bas-relief box. The Thakore Sahib of Limri sent a couple of elegant silver vases and two cups richly jewelled with turquoises. Views of India were given by Lalor Deer Dingal of Indore; and a silver candlestick and addresses by the inhabitants of Sanard Taluka in the Ahmedabad Collectorate. The gift of the Thakore Sahib of Gondal was a grand silver vase in an oak cabinet. The Indian workmen employed at the Colonial Exhibition presented an address, which was enclosed in an ebony cabinet painted with views. Addresses, some in elegant silver caskets and cases and richly embroidered silk bags, were also received from the Maharajah of Gwalior, the chiefs of Kattiawar, the Maharajah of Idar,

and the chiefs of the Mahi-Kanta Agency, the Mir of Khairpoor, the Thakur of Tharad, the Dewar of Palanpur, the Nawab Bahadur of Murshidabad, the Rajah of Dharampur, the Rajah Drogbad Dara, in the Bombay Presidency, the inhabitants of the Residency Bazaar, Chadaghat, the Tekumbegar Jewish Community at Cochin, and others.

By the thoughtful arrangement of the Queen, the Jubilee presents have been moved from Windsor Castle to St. James' Palace, in order that the public may have an opportunity of inspecting them. A visitor thus glances at the collection :—

"Entering the Armoury Room, a model of a horse is fitted with a complete set of richly-embroidered gold trappings, of gorgeous Eastern character. These come from the Thakore of Morvi. On either side of the charger stand trophies of mounted elephants' tusks from his Highness the Maharajah of Mysore, K.C.S.I. Passing into the Tapestry Room, we come across more Eastern treasure, symbolic of luxury and magnificence ; and thence we move into the room dedicated to the memory of Queen Anne, which is hung with rich gold brocade. Of gold and silver plate there is bewildering abundance, and royal gifts from kings and queens to a reigning sovereign are naturally of a splendid kind. But much interest will centre in those less valuable but none the less sincere offerings that come from much smaller people than the collective Monarchs of Europe. A patchwork quilt, made of 888 pieces by poor school children and their teachers, containing on each small scrap a name, an initial, a monogram, or a device of the little maker, is an example of this kind of gift.

"Side by side with this are gorgeous robes from India, enormous feather fans, filagree work, china, inlaid marbles, vases, paintings, chairs, tapestry, cuffs and collars from Ireland, and illuminated addresses innumerable. A gift from the Governor of the Gold Coast Colony consists of

a gold casket, made by African goldsmiths from about thirty ounces of the finest nuggets and dust dug out of the earth in West Africa. A little illuminated card, the gift of the Dowager Lady De Ros, was executed by herself in her ninety-second year. From Lady Holland comes an old ivory fan that was painted by the Princesses of George III. on the occasion of his recovery from severe illness.

"The collection is in no way classified, nor indeed would it be possible to attempt any grouping of the gifts. The charm in a visit is the surprise and wonder excited at every turn. From the king to the peasant, all who have contributed to this unique collection have evidently been bent on seeking out and giving tangible form to some 'happy thought' to show their love and loyalty for the Queen. Indeed, any one puzzling on that pleasant vexed question, 'What shall I give' as a birthday or wedding present, would find answer after answer in the cases now on view in the palace. From the magnificent silver-gilt plateau designed by her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, the gift of all the Queen's children and grandchildren, to a scarlet petticoat from Mrs. Blake, no art that is useful or beautiful is unrepresented."

VALLEY OF THE DEE, WITH BALMORAL, FROM CRAIG-NA-BAN.

CHAPTER IX.

JUBILEE POEMS.

A SONG OF EMPIRE.

JUNE 20, 1887.

[The following is a brief extract from a long poem by Mr. Lewis Morris, which appeared in *Murray's Magazine.*]

FIRST Lady of our English race,
In Royal dignity and grace
Higher than all in old ancestral blood,
But higher still in love ot good,
In care for ordered Freedom, grown
To a great tree where'er
In either hemisphere
Its vital seeds are blown,
Where'er with every day begun
Thy English bugles greet the coming sun!

Thy life is England's. All these fifty years
Thou from thy lonely Queenly place
Hast watched the clouds and sunshine on her face;
Hast marked her changing hopes and fears;
Her joys and sorrows have been always thine;
Always thy quick and royal sympathy
Has gone out swiftly to the humblest home,
Wherever grief and pain and suffering come.

Therefore it is that we
Take thee for head and symbol of our name.
For fifty years of reign thou wert the same,
Therefore to-day we make our Jubilee.

* * * *

Never before
In all our England was a royal home
Whereto the loving thoughts of humble hearts might come.
Thy children's children stand around thy knees,
Their children come in turn as fair as these!
Thy people and thy children turn to thee,
Knit all in one by bonds of sympathy
With thee, our Queen, are we;
Therefore we make our solemn Jubilee!

* * * *

Flash, festal fires, high on the joyous air!
Clash, joy-bells! joy-guns, roar! and, jubilant trumpets, blare!
Let the noise of our rejoicing rise!
Gleam, long-illumined cities, to the skies
Round all the earth, in every clime,
So far your distance half confuses time!
As in the old Judæan history,
Fling wide the doors and set the prisoners free!
Wherever England is o'er all the world,
Fly, banner of Royal England, stream unfurled!
The proudest Empire that has been, to-day
Rejoices and makes solemn Jubilee.
For England! England! we our voices raise!
Our England! England! England! in our Queen we praise!

Nigh half the wide, wide earth is ours in fee!
And where her rule comes, all are free.
And therefore 'tis, O Queen, that we,
Knit fast in bonds of temperate liberty,
Rejoice to-day, and make our solemn Jubilee!!

"FOR FIFTY YEARS:" A JUBILEE HYMN.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS, M.A., RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, WINDSOR.

TEN lustres, full of lustrous light, have gone
This Ransom Day, since first crept up the dawn
Of a great reign, and softly broke the morn
Of fifty years.

"Give Me thy heart, nor, maiden, be afraid
To be a Queen." Then, on anointed maid,
The King of kings much grace and glory laid
For fifty years.

Still may she ever, in the unborn years,
Thy presence feel in faith, through all her fears,
As it was inly felt in times of tears
Through fifty years.

Blessing benign on Woman, Empress, Queen,
Send down of peerless peace. Do Thou, unseen,
Dwell in her life, supreme as Thou hast been
These fifty years.

Almighty Christ, Who came to make us free,
Lead up our souls to hymns of Jubilee.
Nearer to Thee may Queen and people be
For all their years.

"LOVE THAT LASTS FOR EVER."

A poem of great merit, by the Earl of Rosslyn, was printed by special command of Her Majesty, and appeared in *Blackwood* for March. The superscription is, "Love that Lasts for Ever." As it received the Royal *imprimatur*, an extract from it of considerable length is given:—

Love bathed in tears,
To Love cemented, ever brings
And ever bears
A chastened spirit, that in Kings
Is noblest among earthly things.

* * * * *

O Queen! this day
Thy people, generous and just,
As well they may,
Confirm anew their sacred trust
Enshrined in half a century's dust.

For fifty years
Thy people's love has been content
(In spite of tears,
And bitter sorrows sadly blent)
To raise to thee Love's monument.

A trophy, based
On duty done, on faction quelled,
No deed defaced
By broken word, or faith withheld,
No foe by stratagem compelled.

* * * * *

Thy Jubilee
Is marked by Love; 'tis all thine own,
And given to thee
By all—a sweet flower fully blown,
The grace and grandeur of thy throne.

'Tis thy just meed
For fifty years of righteous reign;
No heart doth bleed
In all thy kingdom, but the pain
Throbs in thine own, and not in vain.

I pray thee take,
In some exchange for all the good
That thou dost make,
The troubles thy brave heart withstood,
Thy temperate yet undaunted mood,

These grateful lines;
As the sweet myrtle wreaths the bay
And intertwines
The classic leaf, e'en so I may
Entwine my chaplet with this Day.

'Tis a poor song
By one whose heart has ever been
Loyal and strong,
And who, like Simeon, now has seen
His hope fulfilled:—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"FOR THE PRICELESS GIFTS."

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

[Sung in St. Margaret's Church, on May 22nd, at the House of Commons Jubilee Service.]

FOR the priceless gifts of knowledge which by genius now are ours,
For the ever-patient science which extended human powers,
For the girdle which has girdled with quick sympathy the earth,
For the intercourse of nations which checks the steps of dearth,
For the deepening sense of brotherhood which makes all nations one,
For the dawning love by which, O God, Thy Will may yet be done,

We praise Thee, O God.

O God of Knowledge, in Thy Light
May we the world behold,
And see the law of brotherhood
In love, and not in gold.

For the art that passes knowledge, and exults o'er the defined,
For the broadening life of culture which has lifted and refined,
For the voices of the singers who have purified our thought,
For the painters who from Nature new revelation caught,
For the tellers of sweet stories who have melted while they taught,
For the great desire which daily grows to live the life we ought,
We praise Thee, O God.

Great God of gifts, be ever near,
That when Fair Art we see,
Through beauty so divinely sweet,
Our souls may rise to Thee.

For the bond of love which strengthens in the fire of constant trouble,
For the quick response to crying need that bringeth blessing double,
For the sorrow that cemented, for the good Prince still lamented,
For the tenderness excited, over hopes so early blighted,
For the queenly heart which, broken, made sympathy her throne,
For the greatness born of justice, not of policy alone,
We praise Thee, O God.

O God of comfort, Whose abode
Is not alone in Light,
Unfold to us the higher law
Of Charity and Right.

For the word which, heard in many tones, One love is yet proclaiming,
For the glorious devotion which our indolence is shaming,
For Thy Kingdom, wide extending, for the evil that is ending,
For the good which we have seen, for the greater good unseen,
For the wisdom all-inspiring to uplift our power of knowing,
For the Love which stooped to raise us, who in Thy Love are growing,

We praise Thee, O God.

O God, make all earth's varied notes
To blend in one sweet tone,
And fashion of our broken lights
The Rainbow round Thy Throne.

"O GOD, THE KING OF NATIONS."

A HYMN FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Tune, "*Aurelia.*"

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY.

O God, the King of nations,
On whose support we lean,
Hear Thou our supplications—
"God save our gracious Queen."
Through fifty years of blessing
Thou hast upheld her throne,
Accept us now confessing
The praise is Thine alone.

Still may her reign be glorious,
Both peace and honour give,
And grant her long victorious,
In health and wealth to live;

Thy Word her sure reliance,
Thy strength her safety be;
O Lord, her sole affiance
Be evermore in Thee.

Grant her Thy strong protection
In every hour of need,
And seeking Thy direction
In thought, in word, in deed,
May she exalt the nation
Committed to her charge,
And speed Thy great salvation
Throughout the world at large.

Give *her* the heart right royal,
Inclined to keep Thy way,
Give *us* the spirit loyal
To serve her and obey,
"*In* Thee, and *for* Thee," knowing
"Whose minister she is,"
Our firm allegiance showing
We own her rule as His.

Her life has had its sadness,
Its noon of darkening grief;
Lord, let its evening gladness
Bring sunshine and relief—
Her children's love possessing,
Her people's grateful praise,
And all Thy choicest blessings
To cheer her closing days.

And when this life is ended,
Her diadem laid down,
To her be then extended
The everlasting crown;

And having served Thee, lowly,
In faith, and fear, and love,
Vouchsafe, O Lord, most Holy,
Her Jubilee above.

"GOD BLESS OUR QUEEN."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. BATHURST, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, EASTBOURNE.

THOU who, these fifty years,
Hast quelled a nation's fears—
Hast spared our Queen:
To Thee, O Lord, we raise
Our heartfelt thanks and praise
For Britain's prosperous days:
God bless our Queen.

She hath maintained Thy cause—
Honoured Thy righteous laws—
Through her long sway:
Still, Lord, Thy mercies crown;
Cast every traitor down;
Surround Victoria's throne
With peace for aye.

Reft of the wise and good,
Firm hath she ever stood—
Firm for the right.
When woe or want were nigh,
Ready her sympathy;
Love wiped the weeping eye—
Love is her might

Her children bless her name;
Her subjects spread her fame
All the world o'er:

Thanks be to Thee, Most High—
Britain's glad millions cry—
Thine be the victory
From shore to shore.

Thou who, these fifty years,
Hast quelled a nation's fears—
Hast spared our Queen;
Hear now our humble prayer,
Still make her cause Thy care,
Thy favour may she share:
God bless our Queen.

"FOR ALL THY COUNTLESS BOUNTIES": A JUBILEE HYMN.*

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

For all thy countless bounties,
Through varied chance and change;
For old familiar blessings,
For mercies new and strange;
For laws that widen slowly,
For ordered life and free;
We thank Thee, Lord, and welcome
Our Year of Jubilee.

For Queenly wisdom, sought for
In prayer of early days;
For guidance pure and noble,
That won the wide world's praise;
For children taught to follow
Their Father's footsteps true;
For afterglow of brightness;
We now our thanks renew.

* An Edition of this Hymn with Music, is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street, W.

For peace with all her triumphs,
Peace welcomed after war;
For prosperous years that brought us
Rich gifts from near and far;
For days of darker outlook,
That tried the nation's nerve;
For all alike we thank Thee;
Thou gav'st; Thou canst preserve.

For onward march of knowledge,
That grows from more to more;
For words of noblest wisdom
From poet's golden lore;
For these we praise Thee, Father.
Oh, make us Sons of Light,
Against the hosts of darkness;
With these, for Thee, to fight!

The fifty years behind us
Have told their wondrous tale;
The fifty years before us
Lie yet within the veil;
Grant, Lord, that all our future
May work out good begun;
That, in the tasks that wait us,
The goal at last be won!

Through all Thy saints and servants,
Send forth Thy Light and Truth;
Renew our nation's greatness,
As 'twere an eagle's youth:
So, with full hearts of gladness,
We lift our souls to Thee,
And keep, in hope and courage,
Our Year of Jubilee.

OUR EMPRESS QUEEN.*

VICTORIA! Queen of a nation
That governs the heart of the world!
Thy Empire of love is the station
Where Liberty's flag is unfurled.
What son would not die to defend thee,
Who ruleth our loves and our lives?
The heart of our manhood we send thee;
The blessing of mothers and wives.

Victoria! Hark to our singing,
Awake to our Jubilee Song!
At the foot of thy throne we are flinging
The hearts that have loved thee so long.
The children of Time that surround thee,
The cup of thy joy shall refill,
A maid in thy beauty we found thee;
As Mother we honour thee still!

Victoria! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the pride of thy station,
The wealth thou hast garnered behold!
It is rarer that jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love!

Chorus—Victoria! Star of our story!
Thou light of the days that have been!
We cheer for thy reign and its glory,
We pray for our Country and Queen!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

* This spirited and patriotic song has been set to music by Mr. Henry Russell, and is published by Messrs. Weekes & Co., Hanover Street, W.

JUBILEE HYMN, 1837–1887.*

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK; AUTHOR OF "MELODIES OF THE FATHERLAND," ETC.

"And thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years; and the space of the seven sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound. . . . And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year . . . For it is the Jubilee."—*Lev.* xxv. 8–12.

THE trumpet sounds! From land to land
It wakes, from sea to sea,
From heart to heart, from hand to hand,
Our Year of Jubilee!
Victoria's blessèd, glorious reign,
Bids all the earth rejoice.
Our joyful song, our glad refrain,
We sing with heart and voice.

Chorus—With loyal hearts and strong,
With voices glad and free,
We sing our Pentecostal song,
Our song of Jubilee!

The trumpet sounds! The trump of God
(Our times are in His Hand),
By Whom kings reign; the kingly rod
Rules gently o'er our land;
O'er rich and poor, o'er great and small,
Her long, benignant sway
Hath poured its blessings, and on all
Is peace bestowed to-day.

Chorus—With loyal hearts and strong, etc.

* Set to music by Mr. William Taylor, Organist of St. Olave's.

O'er India's steppes, where oceans lave
The shores of farthest East;
Across the vast Atlantic wave,
To England's great North-West;
O'er Afric's sands and Austral plains,
And Islands far between,
The sceptre of Victoria reigns,
Our glorious Empress-Queen!
Chorus—With loyal hearts and strong, etc.

The trumpet sounds! The glorious day
That ushers in the sound,
Is to our Queen the evening ray,
That sheds soft dews around;
Oh, may her eventide be calm,
As all her day hath been!
O Spirit, pour Thy sacred balm
Upon our gracious Queen!
Chorus—With loyal hearts and strong, etc.

And when her sun-down bids her cease,
And sets her spirit free,
Oh, may she spend in joy and peace
Her Endless Jubilee:
Resigning all without a tear,
Laying her sceptre down,
To rest—her long Sabbatic Year,
Crowned with her heavenly Crown!
Chorus—With loyal hearts and strong, etc.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God Save the Queen! Alike from Asian hills,
Wind-wafted over uplands crowned with spice,
Or where the keen clear air of winter chills
The stiffened sailor, bound in Norland ice;

Where'er the brown, bright Saxon face is seen,
Rolls up the grand old hymn, "God Save the Queen."

Not for the pomp of place that pleases men;
Not for the glare that round the Throne is cast;
Not for thy name historic—for no pen
Can write thy Future nobler than the Past;
For that old love we still keep fresh and green,
For that old song we sing "God save the Queen."

ANON.

GOD OF OUR FATHERLAND.

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

GOD of our Fatherland,
Stretch forth Thy glorious Hand
And shield our isle!
Beautiful, brave, and free,
As her own guardian sea,
May she for ever be
Under Thy smile!

God of our royal kings,
Spread Thou Thy sheltering wings
Over our throne!
Blest in her people's love,
Thrice blessèd from above,
Safe as a cherish'd dove,
God keep His own!

Still be Thy Gospel's light,
Shining by day and night,
Buckler and sword:
And where our fathers prayed,
None making them afraid,
Vouchsafe Thy mighty aid:
Help us, O Lord!

Great Father of us all,
On Thee Thy children call,
Save and defend!
May we be one in Thee,
Knit as one family,
One for eternity,
World without end!

A JUBILEE ODE.

The members of the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club resolved to contribute their quota to the congratulatory offerings to Her Majesty in the form of a Jubilee Ode, to be composed and set to music by members of the Club. The Ode selected by the committee is from the pen of Mr. Henry Bellyse Baildon, B.A. Cantab., and the music is the composition of Mr. William Harrison, a well-known musician, and the author of numerous musical works.

QUEEN, lady, Empress, woman true,
Wife, mother, widow sad, to you
The coldest heart grows warm that hears
A nation greet you, "Sovereign," through
These fifty years.

We search the pictured hieroglyph,
And question mummies swart and stiff
Of ancient Pharaoh's tomb that rears
Its head to boast his reign, "Say, if
'Twere fifty years!"

And, if they answer boldly, "Yea,"
Rejoin we, "Was your Sovereign's sway
The bond of sundered hemispheres—
So vast night hid it not from day,
For fifty years?"

Yea, prouder boast than sceptred sway,
From India unto India may
Be yours, whom all a race reveres,
Whom nations lovingly obey
These fifty years.

While to the people's changeful call
Your rival statesmen rise and fall;
Though treason raves and malice jeers,
You reign unshaken over all
These fifty years.

If you, perchance, should seek to set—
In weariness the years beget—
Your crown aside, with loyal tears
We would beseech you: "Rule us yet
For fifty years."

H. Bellyse Baildon.

"OUR GOOD QUEEN'S JUBILEE."

BY FREDERIC ATKINSON, M.A., RECTOR OF DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

Tune for "Awake, awake, put on Thy strength," by Dr. Dykes.

Rise, Britons, rise, and to high Heaven
Send up your hymns of praise
From every land that, far or near,
Victoria's sceptre sways;
Oh, let no heart be cold to-day,
Oh, let no voice be dumb!
It is our good Queen's Festival,
Her Jubilee is come.

God of all grace, Thy gifts to each
Each heart in secret knows;
But now with universal thanks
An Empire's heart o'erflows:

All lips one common boon to own
In one glad concord move,—
Our Queen,—a just and virtuous Queen,
Throned in her people's love.

Yea, King of kings, in Thee they stand,
All powers on earth that be;
Our reverent awe, our loyal love,
Rise up through them to Thee:
By Thee, true Sun of righteousness,
As planets fair they shine;
Then in their light, if light be ours,
The praise shall all be Thine.

If still beneath Victoria's rule
Peace reigns in all our coasts,
Not hers, not ours, the glory be,
But Thine, Thou LORD of hosts.
If nobler lives in court and cot
These latest years have known,
'Tis Heaven's reflected light that streams
Down from our Sovereign's throne.

For as soft showers on lofty hills
Feed first the upland heath,
And thence in freshening rills descend
To enrich the vales beneath;
So, when Thy Spirit's dew, good Lord,
Distils on Royal domes,
Pure streams from that high vantage-ground
Steal down to humbler homes.

Then, brothers, bless we GOD Supreme,
And for our dear Queen pray
That He, through every change and chance,
Be still her Guide and Stay.

And when—her high work done—she lays
Her earthly sceptre down,
Give rest in Thine own Kingdom, Lord,
And an unfading crown.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 21, 1887.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine.*)

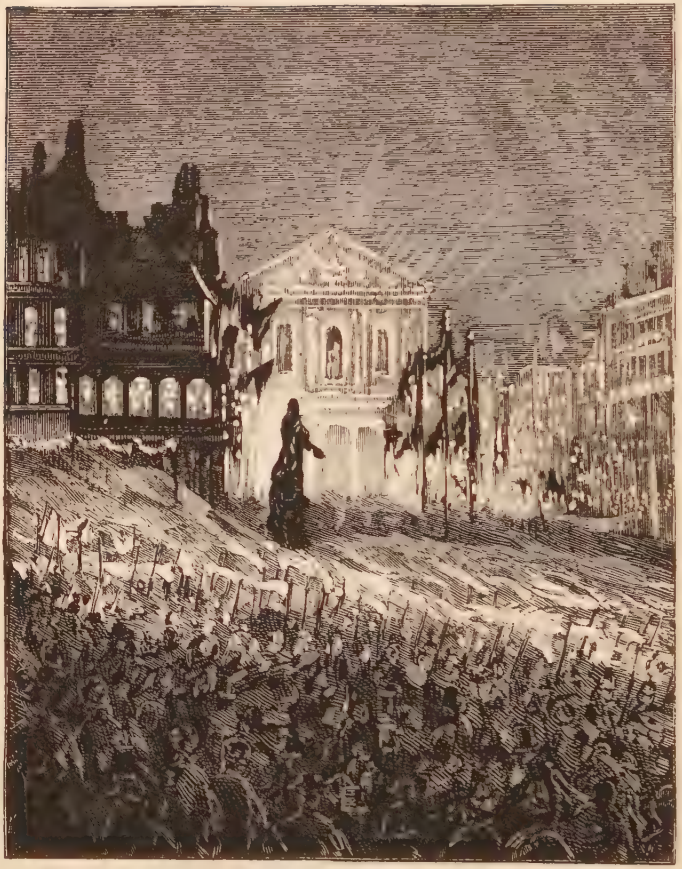
AGAIN within these walls, again alone!
A long, long tract of fateful years between
The day I knelt, to rise a crownèd Queen,
Vowed thenceforth to be all my people's own—
And this, when, with an empire wider grown,
Again I kneel, before high Heaven to lay
My thanks for all, which since that earlier day
Has blessed my goings and upheld my throne.
God! in this hour I think of him who made
My young life sweet, who lightened every care,
In sorest straits my judgment rightly swayed,
Lived, thought for me, all times and everywhere;
For him I thank Thee chief, who by his aid
Nerved me the burden of a crown to bear!

THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. CANON BELL, D.D., RECTOR OF CHELTENHAM.

WE thank Thee, in this Year of Grace,
Victoria wears a Crown,
Which, since it shadowed her young face,
Has caught a fresh renown.
As Queen we honour her as good;
The Woman has our love:
And well we know that Womanhood
Is Queenhood far above.

Preserve the Queen, her pathway strew
With blessings, gracious Lord,
As countless as the drops of dew
That gem the glittering sward.
Protect her with Thy sheltering care,
And shield her from all harm ;
And may she long the Sceptre bear
Safe 'neath Thy Mighty Arm.



TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF ETON BOYS AT WINDSOR.

While the whole wide realm rejoices,
Far and near—o'er land and sea,

Eton brings her thousand voices,
Brings her thousand hearts to thee.

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CHAPTER X.

JUBILEE INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

The Thanksgiving Service.

THE form of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God upon the completion of fifty years of Her Majesty's reign, prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, included the following special prayers, in addition to two taken from the Accession Service :—

I.

Almighty God, we humbly offer unto Thy Divine Majesty our prayers and hearty thanksgivings for our gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, unto whom Thou hast accomplished full fifty years of Sovereignty. We praise Thee that through Thy grace she hath kept the charge Thou gavest her in the day when Thou didst set the Crown upon her head, bidding her "to do justice, stay the growth of iniquity, and protect the Holy Church of God; to help and defend widows and orphans; to restore the things gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored; punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; to keep the royal law and lively oracles of God." We bless Thee that Thou hast heard, through sorrow and through joy, our prayer that she should alway possess the hearts of

her people. And we humbly pray Thee that for the years to come she may rejoice in Thy strength, and at the Resurrection of the just enter into Thine immortal kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

II.

Almighty God, Who didst call Thy servant Victoria, our Queen, as at this time to the Throne of her ancestors in the governance of this realm; we yield Thee humble thanks for the abundance of dominion wherewith Thou hast exalted and enlarged her empire, and for the love of her in which Thou hast knit together in one the hearts of many nations; we praise Thee for the swift increase of knowledge with power, for the spreading of truth and faith in her times—gifts above all that we could ask or think. And humbly we beseech Thee that, over-mastering both sinful passion and selfish interest, and being protected from temptation and delivered from all evil, the unnumbered peoples of her heritage may serve Thee, bearing one another's burdens and advancing continually in Thy perfect law of liberty; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

III.

Blessed Lord, the Prince of the Kings of the earth, Who callest Christian Princes to defend Thy faith and maintain Thy spiritual kingdom; Grant that no errors may disturb the peace of Thy Church, no causeless divisions weaken it. Give unto our Queen all heavenly graces, for the service of Thy true religion and the hallowing of Thy Name among all nations. And that these blessings may be continued to after ages, let there never be one wanting in her house to receive the sceptre of our United Kingdom, that our posterity may see her children's children, and peace upon the Israel of God. *Amen.*

BEACON FIRE ON SNOWDON, FROM NEAR CAPEL CURIG.

Lord Tennyson's Jubilee Ode.

By virtue of the post the Laureate fills, Lord Tennyson furnished a Jubilee Ode, which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The poem opens thus :—

Fifty years the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

She beloved for a kindliness
Rare in Fable or History,
Queen, and Empress of India,
Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great, and Queenly.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest!

An appeal to national benevolence and patriotism follows: after which Lord Tennyson proceeds to call upon all sorts and conditions of men to celebrate the occasion, and with "one full voice of allegiance" to "hail the great Ceremonial" :—

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion,

You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison.

Finally he concludes his Ode thus :—

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Lord of Light to guide her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the ages.

The Loyalty of the Poor.

Miss Emily Faithfull, bearing testimony to the loyalty of "the poorest" in their ready response to the Jubilee Fund raised by the women of England, writes :—

"As one who has taken an active part in the movement for enabling the women of England to express their respectful affection for the Queen, both as woman and sovereign, allow me to say that the enthusiasm of the poorest and their anxiety to contribute their mite has been a very touching feature of the work. I could multiply instances, but will only crave leave to record two brought before us at our last meeting in the Manchester Town Hall.

"An old woman, so poor and infirm she is thankful for the crumbs which fall from rich men's tables, reproached the lady collecting in her district for not calling, and on hearing the reason why, replied, 'Oh, mum, I'd go without food for a day rather than miss giving the Queen something.' A letter was received which ran thus :—'No one has called at the above address, and my wife and daughter have become afraid that their loyalty is not to have an opportunity of showing itself. We do not live in the aristocratic part of

the town, nor yet in the slums; but we do live in a house where the Queen of England is beloved and honoured as the mother of her people.'"

Jubilee Song of the Eton Boys.

THE Jubilee torchlight procession of the Eton boys in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle was witnessed by the Queen with the Royal guests from the windows of the corridor. At the termination Her Majesty was pleased to say to the Head Master of Eton College, the Rev. Edward Warre, D.D., "I am very grateful for the welcome you have given me, and sincerely thank you for this beautiful sight." The boys sang a new Jubilee song, the words by A. C. Ainger, Esq., and the music by J. Barnby, Esq., written and composed expressly for the occasion—"Victoria our Queen."

"VICTORIA OUR QUEEN."

While the whole wide realm rejoices,
  Far and near—o'er land and sea,
Eton brings her thousand voices,
  Brings her thousand hearts to thee;
Grateful hearts thy love to own;
Loyal hearts to guard thy throne!
Voices loud to thank thee well;
Voices loud thy praise to tell;
Sing together, one and all!
Shout together, great and small!
  Victoria—Victoria—Victoria—our Queen!

Fifty years of high endeavour
  For the right against the wrong;
Ever glorious—gracious ever—
  Bid us raise an Eton song:

Raise a song, Etonians, raise!
Raise a song of love and praise!
Love that grows through smiles and tears,
Fifty-fold in fifty years!
Sing together, one and all!
Shout together, great and small!
Victoria—Victoria—Victoria—our Queen!

Her Majesty's Genealogy.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the only child of the Duke of Kent, who was a son of George III., who was a son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who was a son George II., who was a son of George I., who was the son of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who was the daughter of Elizabeth, who was the daughter of James I. (James VI., of Scotland), who was the son of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and Mary, Queen of Scotland, who was a daughter of James V., of Scotland, who was a son of James IV., of Scotland, and Margaret, who was a daughter of Henry VII., who was a son of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret Beaufort, daughter of John Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was a son of Edward III., who was the eldest son of Edward II., who was a son of Edward I., who was the eldest son of Henry III., who was the eldest son of John, who was a son of Henry II., who was eldest son of Geoffrey Plantagenet and Matilda, who was the daughter of Henry I., who was a son of William the Conqueror, who was a son of Robert, fifth Duke of Normandy.

Her Majesty is thirty-fifth in descent from Alfred the Great, and thirty-seventh in descent from Egbert, the first sole monarch of England.

The Colonial Empire.

THE introduction of statistics into an address of congratulation is somewhat of an innovation, but it was employed with

decided effect when the Colonial delegates presented their earnest felicitations to Her Majesty on the approaching completion of the fiftieth year of her reign.

We are all of us more or less conscious of the fact that these tiny isles are the centre of an Empire which, in area, wealth, population, and the main elements of civilization, surpasses any known in the world's history. But to bring the conviction thoroughly home, there is nothing like an appeal to statistics. The amazing development of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain during the lifetime of the Queen is one of the most remarkable and gratifying events of her reign.

"Your Majesty," remarked the colonial delegates in their congratulatory address, "has witnessed the number of your colonial subjects of European descent increased from under 2,000,000 to 9,000,000, and of Asiatic race in your Indian Empire from 96,000,000 to 254,000,000, and of other peoples in your colonies and dependencies from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000."

The Japanese Women.

THE women at the Japanese Village exhibiting at Knightsbridge, having been told by a lady who visited them daily of the proposed women's Jubilee tribute to Her Majesty, asked to be allowed to take part in it. After a few days they presented the little collection of 6*s.* 6*d.*, which they had made among themselves, saying, "This seems to us a poor addition to what is to compose the memorial to so illustrious a personage, but we give our hearts as well. We are grateful for the opportunity of being identified in this way with her privileged subjects; grateful, too, for the Providence that led us to this country to gaze on the stability of her throne and lustre of her surroundings. Truly she must be a good Lady-King. May she sit unmoved on her throne yet another fifty years."

Thought for the Children.

THE children of the "One Tun" Ragged School, Old Pye Street, Westminster, having written a Jubilee letter to the Queen, which was presented by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the President of the Women's Westminster Jubilee Fund, Her Majesty expressed herself as much "touched," and graciously desired that the children should be taken to a good situation on Constitution Hill, that "she might see them" on her return to Windsor. This was done, and Her Majesty warmly acknowledged the enthusiastic cheers and waving of tiny flags by which the children manifested their delight at the sight for the first time of "their kind lady Queen."

Just as the Queen, in the procession to Westminster Abbey, passed through Northumberland Avenue, a girl had to be removed on a stretcher. Her Majesty called one of her servants, and sent him off to make inquiries about the patient. He returned at once with the information that the girl was only suffering from temporary indisposition.

"Well Played."

WHEN the procession reached the corner of Westminster Bridge, the Prince of Wales laughingly drew the attention of several of his neighbours to a device which has become quite common :—

"50; not out; well played."

The Queen's Father.

THE Duke of Kent used frequently to attend the May Meetings held in Exeter Hall. One who was present at the Bible Society Anniversary Meeting in 1814 writes:

"A fine, tall, military man, clothed in a general's uniform, moved the first resolution. This was the Duke of Kent. I think I never can forget the speech he made. He referred

A LOYAL ILLUMINATION.

to the wish of his father, George III., that there might not be a cottager in the country without a Bible, or a child that could not read it. He added his own desire not only that children should read it, but trust its truths and obey its precepts."

"*Our Queen's Glad Jubilee.*"

THE following Jubilee Hymn, by the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, was sung at a service for the young folk held in Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, on the Sunday before Jubilee Day. No fewer than ten of the Queen's grandchildren were present. These were their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales; their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the children of the Crown Prince and Princess; his Royal Highness Prince Alfred of Edinburgh; and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Marie, Melita, and Alexandra of Edinburgh.

As we hear the summer breeze
Sweep across the fresh-bloomed trees,
Murmuring with a soft delight
'Mid the young leaves waving bright;

So, as through this nation move
Heartfelt sympathy and love,
Let the children's voices sweet
Join this happy time to greet.

To the King of kings we raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise,
For the blessings He has shed
On our gracious Sovereign's head.

By His loving grace and power
God has kept her to this hour,

'Mid her royal pomp and state,
Trustful, tender, truly great.

All her people's joys her own,
All their sorrows reach her throne ;
So this gladsome day rejoice,
Every heart and every voice.

Bless, good Lord, through years to come
Our loved Sovereign and her home ;
Keep her in Thy love and fear,
Bless her children's children dear.

And at last when life is done,
When there dawns the Eternal Sun,
Which, beyond the sea's far brink,
Nevermore in night shall sink ;

Then, we pray, in Thy great love,
Welcome her to heaven above ;
Grant her from Thy throne on high
Crown of immortality.

God, Almighty Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hear the hymn we sing to Thee
On our Queen's glad Jubilee.

What "Loyalty" is.

"NEVER be ashamed, boys and girls, to be proud of your country ; never be ashamed that you love and honour your Queen. A long time ago, when I myself was a boy, I saw Her Majesty coming out of a house where she had been to visit a sick person. I heard one workman say to another, 'I like the Queen, Bill. I like having somebody to look up to;' and his companion replied, 'Yes; and she is so good.' To have somebody to look up to, and feel that she was so good, is loyalty."—*Rev. Teignmouth Shore.*

BOYS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH,
Cheering the Queen in Trafalgar Square.

A Jubilee Bonnet.

FROM the town of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, comes a "jubilee record" which it will be difficult to beat, even in these days of astounding sayings and doings connected with the late celebration. This Gloucestershire town can boast of an old lady named Mrs. Jane Woodward, ninety-five years of age, "hale and hearty," who has a lively recollection of the jubilee rejoicings in the good old days when George the Third was king. She assisted in that event when she was "sweet seventeen."

She was asked on Sunday if she were going to join in the coming jubilee feasts, and attend the public celebration in Chipping Sodbury. "Yes," she replied, "of course I shall, and I shall wear the same bonnet I wore at the last jubilee!" Some were unbelieving enough to question whether the old lady had kept a bonnet so long. Thereupon she offered to produce it, and presently she came down from her bedroom with the veritable bonnet—a Leghorn of the true coalscuttle fashion, in a capital state of preservation, after being "laid up in lavender" for seventy-eight years.—*Bristol Mercury.*

Royalty and Loyalty: a Talk on a London 'Bus.

"A CULTIVATED 'bus-driver" gave an amusing sketch in the *Globe* of a supposed discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of Royalty during the Jubilee week. The off-party on the box-seat represented one side, and a thin man who denounced "Royal folk" as "a bad lot—all of 'em," represented the other.

"'Of whom may you be speaking, sir?' said the off-party. 'Do you allude to our *English* Royalty?' I saw there was a bit of a row brewing by the way he got red in the face.

"'Of all of 'em,' says the thin man, coolly. 'What we

want in England is a Republic. All men should be free and equal. I'm as good as any Prince, any day. Why should this gentleman here be driving an omnibus, and another be rolling in his carriage? 'Tain't common sense, nor Christianity neither. One man's as good as another.'

"All this time my first passenger had been fuming and fretting away till I thought he was going to drop off on to the horse's tail. Then he pulls out a case of cheroots, and he offers me one, and sticks one in his mouth—uncommon good 'uns they were, too—and says he to the thin man, sarcastic-like, 'I don't offer you one, sir, for fear of offending you. I shouldn't like to do anything towards spoiling your equality. If you've got as good as this in the way of smoke, you don't want any of mine; and if you haven't, you mightn't like to be reminded of the inequality between us. But all this bluster about equality and one man being as good as another,' says he, puffing away at his cheroot,—'what nonsense it all is! Where is there anything on a dead level in nature anywhere? Nature, sir, goes up hill and down dale; and there is only one man I have heard of in my time who said the world was flat. Reduce this earth to ashes to-morrow, and in twelve months' time you would find somebody a millionaire from the business in potash. Holmes says that—or something like it. And then, how are you to hope for a dead levelling of men's circumstances, while the intellects of men are so hopelessly different? I declare I'm downright ashamed to hear this sort of nonsense talked by a man who can afford *2d.* for a ride on a 'bus. Ain't you, coachman? Why, men are no more equal than your horses there!'

"'You are about right there, sir,' said I. 'It's all I can do to keep this near mare up to collar; and going down hill, it's the other way round. The off horse, if he had his way, wouldn't never get to the bottom at all.'

"'I'm not saying all men are equal,' put in the thin

man, angrily; 'I say they *ought* to be equal. And in a Republic——'

"'A Republic wouldn't make matters any better,' said the other. '"Ought to be" is not good enough for practical politics. And if you come down from theory to practice, my opinion is, that things go on quite as well under a single man or woman at the head of a State, as if the direction of affairs were handed over to a set of town councillors, every man jack of them settling matters with one eye to his private interests and the other to the goodwill of those who will have to re-elect him. Then, monarchy has uses which you may call ornamental, but which I say are genuinely useful. In many ways Royalty can make business and encourage good works.'

"'Hear! hear!' said I; 'asking your pardon for interrupting you, sir. But that's just what I was saying to a pal of mine only the other day. It was some hospital bazaar or other, and he was reading out, sneering, "patronized by their Royal Highnesses, and so on." And says I to him, "Well, how would it be, do you think, if they stuck up 'patronized by Mr. ——, M.P.,' or 'under the special patronage of Mr. ——, M.P.'—do you think the people 'ud come? Not they!" "P'raps not," said he, "not for the likes of *them*. But 'twould be another pair of shoes if they put up 'Patronized by Mr. ——, President of the Republic!'"

"'And I wish them joy of it,' said I, contemptuous; 'why, the gentleman, or any of them, 'ud make them a two hours' speech.'

"'For which they would be all the better,' said the thin man, enthusiastically.

"'Maybe they might,' said I; 'but the bazaar wouldn't. They'd have sold £200 worth of goods in that time if it had been a Prince and Princess just dropping in to smile a bit round and drink a cup of coffee. And if—Hullo!

Near side down, Bill! Why, if the Republican gentleman ain't had enough of this conversation,' remarks I to the off-side party.

"'An ignorant fellow,' says he; 'just like them all. Only they ain't no good unless they get hold of people more ignorant than themselves. And that ain't me nor you, coachman.'

"'Thank you, sir,' says I. Which was true enough."

The Queen in her Highland Home.

THE Queen among her people at Balmoral gives a splendid example to every landlord. "The first lady in the land" is the most gracious mistress possible. Her interest is no condescending "make-believe:" as we sometimes find it in the case of others, who seek a certain popularity among their dependants by showing spasmodic attentions which it is difficult to harmonize with a prevailing indifference. With the Queen it is the unaffected care of one who really loves her people and who is keenly touched by all that touches them. She knows them all by name, and in the times of their sorrow they experience from her a personal sympathy peculiarly soothing. If we might apply such a term where the difference of rank is so great, we would characterize her relationship as "neighbourly," so hearty and simple is it.

There is, indeed, no part of the volumes she has given us more surprising than the minute knowledge she there shows of all the people who have been in any way connected with her. The ghillies, guides, and gamekeepers, the maids who have served her, the attendants, coachmen, the footmen are seldom mentioned without some notice of their lives being recorded as faithfully as is the case with Peers and Peeresses. How few mistresses are there who, burdened as she is with duty, would thus hold in kindest remembrance each faithful servant, become acquainted with their circumstances, and

CRATHIE CHURCH, BALMORAL.

provide for them in age or in trial with generous solicitude. It is this rich humanity of feeling that is her noblest characteristic. The public are accustomed to see messages of sympathy sent by the Queen in cases of disaster and of accident, but they cannot know how truly those calamities fall upon her own heart. As far as her life in the Highlands is concerned, she is now perhaps the best specimen we have of what the old Highland chieftain used to be, only that in her case we find the benefits of paternal government without its harsh severities. There is the same frank and hearty attachment to her dependants, the same intimate knowledge of each one of them, the same recognition of services. It is a Queenly quality to recognise what is worthy, no matter what the rank may be.

It was from this she placed so much confidence in her faithful attendant, John Brown. Her great kindness to him was her own generous interpretation of the long and loyal services of one who for more than thirty years had been personal attendant on the Prince Consort and herself, leading her pony during many a long day upon the hills, watching over her safely in London as well as on Deeside, and who, on more than one occasion, protected her from peril. "His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded," she writes in the first volume of the "Leaves," "and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable."

The large human-heartedness of the Queen makes her instinctively ready to place herself, as it were, beside those whom she respects and cares for. She acknowledges with a splendid directness what is good, true, and great in human beings, whatever station they may occupy. I hope that I may be permitted to give an instance of this without being misunderstood.

The Queen herself has expressed, in most touching and appreciative language, the feelings with which she regarded

my brother, the late Dr. Norman Macleod. When engaged in writing his life, I felt that the sole duty of a biographer is to present as true and adequate a portrait of his subject as he can, and to let that portrait speak for itself. It also appeared most becoming in me, who was his brother as well as his biographer, to indicate rather than to give illustrations of the regard in which he was held by his Sovereign. But it is a different matter when I am engaged in writing, not about my brother but about the Queen, and when my object is to illustrate her character; and it is because it shows how much she could, with true greatness of heart, place what she is as Queen second to what she felt as a woman, that I recall my first interview with her after his death. When she spoke of him, her tears were unrestrained; and after hearing some particulars from me of his later hours, she proceeded with a pathos that showed the depth of her emotion: "I have mourned for him as I have mourned for no one else outside of my own family"; and then added, pausing to give greater emphasis, "I have considered it an honour that my people called him my friend."

Such an expression may well be treasured by those who loved him, as a tribute from his Sovereign; but it has a wider interest, for it is still more memorable as the utterance of a humanity so large-hearted that the separation of rank was for the moment obliterated when she thought of the good man she had learned to love. It is only a noble spirit which could thus recognise human excellence and confess that she, the Queen, thought it "an honour to be called his friend."—*The Rev. Donald Macleod, in "The Sunday Magazine."*

When George the Third was King.

In the Jubilee procession at Warrington walked Mr. W. Beaumont, of Orford Hall, wearing the medal he wore at the Jubilee of George the Third, as well as one for that of his

FALLS OF GARRAWALT.

A ROYAL LODGE, NEAR LOCH MUICH.

Royal granddaughter. Mr. Beaumont was the first mayor of Warrington, which he has much benefited in many ways. He has built and endowed a church, almost altogether at his own cost, and enlarged several schools. And in the village of Orford, where he resides, he has made permanent provision for the maintenance of a clergyman, besides erecting a parsonage and school-chapel.

The March of Progress since Fifty Years Ago.

The population of the great towns has for the most part doubled itself in the last fifty years. London had then a million and a half; Liverpool, 200,000; Manchester, 250,000; Glasgow, 250,000; Birmingham, 150,000; Leeds, 140,000; and Bristol, 120,000.

Penal settlements were still flourishing. Between 1825 and 1840, when they were suppressed, 48,712 convicts were sent out to Sydney. As regards travelling, the fastest rate along the high road was ten miles an hour. There were 54 four-horse mail coaches in England, and 49 two-horse mails. In Ireland there were 30 four-horse coaches, and 10 in Scotland. There were 3,026 stage coaches in the country, of which 1,507 started from London.

There were already 668 British steamers afloat, though the penny steamboat did not as yet ply upon the river. Heavy goods travelled by the canals and navigable rivers, of which there were 4,000 in Great Britain; the hackney coach, with its pair of horses, lumbered slowly along the street; the cabriolet was the light vehicle for rapid conveyance, but it was not popular; the omnibus had only recently been introduced by Mr. Shillibeer; and there were no hansom cabs. There was a Twopenny Post in London, but no Penny Post as yet. There was no Book Post, no Parcel Post, no London Parcels Delivery Company. If you wanted to send a parcel to anywhere in the country, you

confided it to the guard of the coach; if to a town address, there were street messengers and the "cads" about the stage-coach stations; there were no telegraphs, no telephones, no commissionaires.

Fifty years ago the great railways were all begun, but not one of them was completed. A map published in the *Athenæum* of January 23rd, 1836, shows the state of the railways at that date. The line between Liverpool and Manchester was opened in September, 1830. In 1836 it was carrying 450,000 passengers in the year, and paying a dividend of 9 per cent. The line between Carlisle and Newcastle was very nearly completed; that between Leeds and Selby was opened in 1834; there were many short lines in the coal and mining districts, and little bits of the great lines were already completed. The London and Greenwich line was begun in 1834 and opened in 1837. There were in progress the London and Birmingham, the Birmingham, Stafford, and Warrington, the Great Western as far as Bath and Bristol, and the London and Southampton passing through Basingstoke. It is amazing to think that Portsmouth, the chief naval port and place of embarkation for troops, was left out altogether. There were also a great many lines projected, which afterwards settled down into the present great trunk lines. As they were projected in 1836, instead of Great Northern, North Western, and Great Eastern, we should have had one line passing through Saffron Walden, Cambridge, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Appleby, and Carlisle, with another from London to Colchester, Ipswich, Norwich, and Yarmouth; there was also a projected continuation of the G. W. R. line from Bristol and Exeter, and three or four projected lines to Brighton and Dover. The writer of the article on the subject in the *Athenæum* considers that when these lines are completed, letters and passengers will be conveyed from London to Liverpool in ten hours. "Little attention," he says, "has

yet been given to calculate the effects which must result from the establishment throughout the kingdom of great lines of intercourse traversed at a speed of twenty miles an hour."—*From "The Graphic Jubilee Number."*

The Telegraph and the Victorian Age.

THE year upon which Her Majesty came to the throne is noted for the granting of Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph patent, on June 12. One year after, in 1838, the first wire was set up between Paddington and West Drayton, and its early important service was to procure the arrest of a murderer. In 1846 the Electric Telegraph Company purchased Cooke and Wheatstone's patents, and erected wires between the chief towns in the kingdom. In 1850 the *Goliath* steamer unrolled the first submarine wire between the English and French coasts, and messages actually passed, but the cable snapped on a rocky ridge, August 28. On November 13, 1851, the cable was renewed, and made stronger and more complete, and messages henceforward passed freely to and fro.

Two years after, Scotland and Ireland, at Portpatrick and Donaghadee, were connected; and in June, 1854, Holyhead and Howth; and by 1862 there were 15,000 miles of wire in the United Kingdom. In 1872 the Government obtained the telegraphs, and the number of messages,—under a shilling rate,—rose in one year from six millions to twenty millions. The wires had been spreading over the European and Asiatic continents for some years, and on the 24th of May, 1871, the result of the Derby was wired to Calcutta in five minutes, while in 1876, on the 18th of February, a message passed between London and New Zealand.

In the meantime the Atlantic cable had its history. We alluded to it in a former paper, and to the discouragements and difficulties attending it at the outset. When, in 1854,

the septuagenarian saw its model in the house of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, at New York, a strange thrill came over him as he thought of that slender tie connecting two continents, and stretching under 2,000 miles of water two miles deep. After several unsuccessful efforts, on the 5th of August, 1858, the cable, deemed perfect, was successfully laid, and messages actually passed between the Queen and the President; but in a month the insulation of the wire ceased, and with it the transmission of all messages. A new company was formed, and the *Great Eastern* was engaged to lay down 2,300 miles of wire. She sailed 23rd July, 1865, but the telegraphic insulation of the cable again ceased, and it had to be abandoned.

The Anglo-American Telegraph Company was again established, March, 1866. The *Great Eastern* again sailed, June 30, and on July 28, just as the great Republic had become as free in reality as she had been in name, the two great free nations of the world were united by an electric bond which has never since been severed. Like—

> "The spider's touch, so exquisitely fine,
> Feels at each thread, and lives along the line,"

so sensitive was the wire, that signals were passed along 3,700 miles of wire by means of a battery formed in a lady's thimble! The United States voted a gold medal to Cyrus W. Field, and telegraphic messages became constant. Two years after a French Atlantic cable was laid.—*J. H. R. in the "North British Advertiser."*

Our Indian Visitors.

Among the semi-Royal personages present in London for the Jubilee ceremonial, not the least interesting, by general consent, were our Indian visitors. We have received visits on former occasions from several distinguished Indian states-

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH HOLKAR OF INDORE,

The Queen's Guest at the Jubilee Celebrations.

From a Photograph.

men, such as the late Jung Bahadur of Nepaul and Salar Jung of Hyderabad. But this is absolutely the first occasion on which a Prince of the highest rank, such as Maharajah Holkar, has come to our shores: whilst men like the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, the Rao of Kutch, and Sir Pertab Sing represented different phases of Indian life with which home-staying Britons are too little familiar. Individually interesting, they served collectively to bring before our eyes one of the most picturesque and by no means the least important sections of the great and varied community of Hindostan.

Maharajah Holkar of Indore, whose portrait we give, is entitled to the first place amongst our Indian visitors by right of political power and historical association, as his predecessors were in the eighteenth century not unworthy competitors among the many rivals for supremacy in India. The State of Indore is one of the three principalities, Gwalior and Baroda being the other two, left to represent the powerful Mahratta confederacy which almost secured the heritage of Delhi, and which was only broken up after three keenly contested wars with ourselves. In its present form it possesses an area of 8,000 square miles, with a population of three-quarters of a million, and a revenue of between £750,000 and one million sterling.

The three chief Mahratta families of our time trace their origin to almost identical circumstances, and to the same class in the Hindoo community, which retained and exhibited its vigour during the decadence of the Moguls. The first Holkar was the son of a shepherd of the village of Hol, the first Scindiah was the Peishwa's slipper-bearer, and the first Guicowar was a member of a cowherd's family. Maharajah Holkar is still new to the exercise of authority, but everything he has yet done reveals the possession of character and independence.

Our Indian Empire.

India led the van of the Empire in celebrating the Queen's Jubilee. The circumstance is significant as illustrating in a practical manner the wide extent of the Queen's dominions. The seasons and climates themselves forbid a simultaneous act of rejoicing in which all Her Majesty's subjects can take part. It is winter in one part of the Empire while it is summer in another; it is night in one part while it is day in another. The rejoicing would not be really simultaneous, even if it were held on the same day; for the day is ending at Calcutta when it is only beginning at Ottawa and when it is high noon in London.

But whilst this reflection serves to illustrate the wide extent of the Empire, there are other circumstances that serve not less forcibly to illustrate the real correlation and cohesion of its several parts. When the Queen began to reign, India was separated from these shores by a journey of from four to six months' duration. The journey has now been reduced to less than as many weeks, and verbal communication is almost instantaneous. The Viceroy can now communicate with the Secretary of State for India more rapidly than at the beginning of the Queen's reign a message could have been sent from Downing Street to Windsor. We need look no further for a proof of the marvellous progress in the development of scientific and mechanical appliances, in the endowment of the human race at large with the *nova inventa et commmoda* of Bacon's magnificent vision, which the last fifty years have witnessed. To put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes required an Ariel in the early days of Victoria as much as in the days of Elizabeth; now it is done constantly by statesmen and men of business as a mere trivial incident in an ordinary day's work.

We are in one sense nearer to India than India is to itself. Calcutta is a long way from Lahore, Simla is a long

way from Madras, Bombay is a long way from Mandalay. But to us they are all in one sense equally distant and in another all equally near. We see them all engaged in a simultaneous, unanimous, and spontaneous act of homage and rejoicing, and this on the very day succeeding the event. This knitting together of all parts of the Empire in a material sense is one of the greatest achievements of the present reign.

As marking the material prosperity of India, we may note that no less than 13,000 miles of railway are now open to traffic in India, almost the whole of which is the creation of the last thirty years. On these railways are now carried not only large numbers of passengers, who must thereby, little by little, lose the overpowering sense of caste distinction, but immense quantities of corn for the European market and cotton to be manufactured at Manchester or Bombay. Some idea of the growth of trade which has accompanied this spread of railways may be gathered from the official figures, which show that in the year of the Queen's accession the imports and exports of India amounted to £21,000,000, that in the year before the Mutiny they reached £53,000,000, and that in 1885–6 they amounted to no less a sum than £156,000,000. A fact of scarcely less importance, is the spread of education, both elementary and advanced.—"*The Fireside News.*"

Church Missionary Society's Address to the Queen.

THE following address was sent by the Church Missionary Society to Her Majesty through the Home Secretary:—

"Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London.

"MADAM,—We, the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, desire to approach your Majesty with feelings of the deepest devotion and loyalty, and beg humbly to offer the heartfelt congratulations of the Society on the completion of fifty years of your Majesty's reign.

"Among the many blessings with which Almighty God has been pleased to signalize those years, not the least has been the spread of Christianity by missionaries from Great Britain, not only in the midst of the heathen and Mohammedan subjects of your Majesty, but also beyond the limits of the British Empire. In that spread the Church Missionary Society has been permitted to take a humble part, and, as they believe and trust, with the approbation of your Majesty.

"His Royal Highness the late much-loved and lamented Prince Consort took a deep interest in the work of the late Dr. Krapf (a missionary of this Society) on the East Coast of Africa, and in the year 1850 graciously conversed with him on the subject, and placed a sum of money at his disposal for the purpose of giving presents to the Imam of Muscat, a ruler who had shown some kindness to the missionaries.

"In 1851, your Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort granted an interview to the Rev. S. Crowther, a freed slave, and manifested a most encouraging interest in his description of his journey up the River Niger and in the Yoruba Mission. Your Majesty will hear with gratification that Mr. Crowther is now Bishop Crowther, the first Bishop of the Negro race and of the Church of England there, and that as a result of that Niger expedition, the Society has now a flourishing mission on that river.

"Again, in 1855 your Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort received a converted New Zealand chief; and in 1862, on the occasion of the marriage of Mrs. Davies, who had been in 1850 (then a little slave girl) sent as a present to your Majesty by King Gezo, of the Yoruba country, and by your Majesty ordered to be educated there, your Majesty graciously consented to be sponsor to her first child, who was named Victoria, and sent her a present of a silver cup.

"The committee remember with much gratitude these encouraging instances of your Majesty's condescension and interest, and also the kindly reception granted by your Majesty in the year 1880 to the envoys conducted to England by their missionaries from the late King Mtesa, of Uganda, on the Victoria Nyanza; and are sure that the well-known and wide sympathy of your Majesty was extended to Bishop Hannington and those Christian youths who there subsequently laid down their lives for the cause of Christ.

"We humbly pray that the blessing of Almighty God may continue to rest upon your Majesty and upon the Empire over which your Majesty reigns; and we assure your Majesty of the deep and unwavering loyalty of this Society to your Majesty's throne and royal person.

"(Signed) "J. H. KENNAWAY, President."

How Things were in 1837–8.

DURING the first winter of the Queen's reign, on January 10, 1838, the Royal Exchange was burnt down. A singular coincidence happened. At the height of the fire the chimes in the tower struck up "There's nae luck about the house." In a very short time the flames caught the tower, and the bells came crashing down one after the other. It was only in February, 1838, that the House of Commons was lighted for the first time with gas; but in a fit of economy, gas was afterwards voted too expensive, and candles were again resorted to. Duelling was not yet extinct, several "affairs" coming off in Battersea Fields, at Primrose Hill, and other then retired spots in the suburbs of London. Gretna Green marriages were also still occasionally effected, when "love's young dream" was shadowed by stern parents or guardians.

Coaches were still the chief means of travel, though the rival railways were steadily making progress. In one of the

most important journals the coach proprietors were urged "not to abandon their lines of road upon the mere chance of success in these railway humbugs, the fallacy of which begins to be so apparent." The first part of the London and Birmingham line, viz., from Euston Square to Box Moor, was opened on July 20, 1837.

It did not give perfect satisfaction to passengers at first. The trains, in the first place, were dreadfully slow, and were usually behind their time; and the third-class carriages, being uncovered, were exceedingly uncomfortable in cold or wet weather. Many indignant Britons wrote to *The Times*, outpouring the vials of their wrath on railways, one going so far as to rashly predict that it would be 1937 before the Post Office would be able to utilize railways for the despatch of mails. The Grand Junction Railway, uniting Birmingham with Manchester and Liverpool, was opened for the conveyance of passengers on July 4, 1838, and the first part of the Great Western line, which was to Maidenhead, *via* Ealing and Drayton, was opened on June 1, 1838, by a trial trip.

The year 1838 also saw the beginning of Atlantic steamship navigation. The *Sirius*, a vessel of 700 tons and 320 horse-power, left Cork on April 4, and reached New York on the 23rd. The *Great Western*, of 1,340 tons burthen and 450 horse-power, left Bristol on April 8, and arrived at New York on the 24th. These were the first steamships that had ever crossed the Atlantic.

Prize-fighting was still lawful and popular, as was also cock-fighting. Happily these brutal and degrading sports are now things of the past.

The electric telegraph—Cooke and Wheatstone's patent—was first practically worked on July 25, 1837, on wires running between Euston Square and Camden Town station. Previously messages had been sent by electricity, but as a separate wire was required for each letter, the

HER MAJESTY QUEEN KAPIOLANI OF HAWAII.

[*From a Photograph.*]

expense was too great for this power to be used to any commercial advantage. The first year of the Queen's reign, it will be seen, was a year of small beginnings of great things. —*The Literary World.*

Queen Kapiolani.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI, of Hawaii, was one of the distinguished visitors to our shores to take part in the Jubilee celebration. She was accompanied by the Princess Lydia Lilino Kalani, and a distinguished suite, including Mr. Carter, Minister of the Hawaiian Islands at Washington, and her sister-in-law's husband. The queen is fifty-two years old, and is universally praised for her amiable disposition, and the sincere efforts which she has ever made, and still makes, together with her royal spouse, King Kalakaua, for the amelioration of the people. Her Royal Highness the Princess Lydia is the sister of Her Majesty and Heir Apparent to the throne, her husband being General John Dominis, who accompanied the illustrious party.

This is not by any means the first time that we have seen Hawaiian royalty in these islands: for Queen Emma, the predecessor of Queen Kapiolani, whose memory is still deeply revered at Honolulu, resided here for some time. Such a visitor, however, calls to mind the fact that it is very little more than a century ago since Cook's two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, anchored in the Bay of Kaawaroa, when Englishmen for the first time cast eyes upon the lovely archipelago from which this crowned lady comes. What would that famous captain think if he could see the Sandwich Islands now, or could compare with the gentle but superstitious natives, among whom he met his death by a deplorable misconception, these polished visitors of our Queen, or contrast the civilization which has replaced in the Pacific the wild rites that greeted him as "Lono"—the name of a principal deity?

The most striking incident in the history of the archipelago was the missionary success which resulted in the rising up of the people against their own religious system, headed by the kings and queens and most prominent chieftains.

The name which Her Majesty the Queen of Hawaii bears recalls, it may be mentioned, one of the greatest acts of heroism recorded in the history of the rebellion of human intellect against idolatry. There existed a horrible goddess, Pélé, presiding over the great volcano Mauna Loa, who was the most cruel and dreadful of all the insular divinities. Wherever upon the soil the huge crater of Kilauea had thrown out lava, stones, or scoria, there her bloodthirsty temples were erected and human victims were daily sacrificed. It was in the name of Pélé that the priests exercised their worst oppression: and therefore it may be judged what splendid courage was shown when the heroine Kapiolani ascended the volcano to defy and publicly dethrone the hateful goddess.

She was the wife of a great chieftain, who had become a Christian, and she had determined to take on her own head the tremendous responsibility of exposing the folly of idol-worship. As she drew near the great crater a violent eruption of fire and smoke took place, which looked like the anger of Pélé, and was attributed to that cause, while furious attendants of the fiery goddess confronted Kapiolani upon its brink, declaring that she would be certainly killed, and all the islands destroyed. Yet this noble woman fearlessly advanced over the quaking ground, through the sulphurous air, and amid fire, noises, and smoke, and on the very summit of Mauna Loa defied the infernal deity, and declared her false, impotent, and abominable. Insultingly throwing stones into the seething lava lake below, she turned to the people and quietly said, "Pélé is nothing! Jehovah is God, and made these fires. If I perish by the

anger of Pélé, then you may fear the power of Pélé; but if I trust in Jehovah, and He should save me from the wrath of Pélé, when I break through her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain! Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God and the way of righteousness!" Then they prayed, and sang a hymn: and as nothing particular happened, the revolution was achieved. The volcanic fires have since continued, but Pélé's evil light was entirely put out by this heroic demonstration.

The Queen's Sympathy.

During the Queen's sojourn in Scotland, in 1872, two peasant boys were drowned in one of the rapid streams which pour down the hillside. The sad tidings quickly spread, and a band of friends assembled to search the river for the bodies. They were at their mournful task when the Queen's carriage came up. The unusual crowd attracted Her Majesty's attention, and a messenger was sent to make inquiries. When he returned, the Royal carriage proceeded no farther; and shortly afterwards the Queen was seen on the opposite side of the river, weeping as she bent over the cruel waters.

The following day she visited the shepherd's hut, and softly entering the chamber where the bereaved mother sat beside her dead, she mingled her tears with hers, and in another form she left a substantial proof of her sympathy and tender commiseration. The funeral of the two boys was largely attended, and at Balmoral Bridge the Royal carriage joined the procession to Crathie kirkyard.

"*The Links that Bind.*"

One year when the Court was at Balmoral, Her Majesty made a promise to Jenny ——, the daughter of a humble

Balmoral neighbour, and an especial favourite with Her Majesty: 'I'll bring a pretty toy for you when we come back next year.' The Court went, and the promise was thought little more of—at least, on one side. Her Majesty that year visited the Emperor of the French, and many other things happened to drive the peasant child from the thoughts of the Sovereign of Great Britain. . . . Well, next season came, and with it the Court returned to Balmoral. The Queen, in making her rounds, soon called on her little friend, and with a 'Now, I haven't forgotten you,' exhibited the promised present. . . . Amid all the din and distraction of French State pageantry, Queen Victoria found time to think of her favourite, the little Highland girl on the banks of the Dee. . . . These are the links that bind the people to their Queen."—*From "The Queen's Resolve."*

These links do make the Queen and people one.
A bond, more potent than of regal sway,
More true and lasting than the august display
Of state, unites us to Victoria's throne.

Some reign in calm, cold majesty, alone,
Like peaks of Himmaleh begirt with snow,
Like rocks sea-girt, where deepest waters flow:
By loving deeds our Mother-Queen is known.

The cares of empire fallen on perilous days,
Affliction's hand, domestic ties of love
And kindred, crush not natural sympathy.
Thanks, Mother-Queen! this gentle deed doth move
Affection's loyalty; our hearts with thee
Rejoicing thou art pleased with childish ways.

S. BARBER.

Staveley Vicarage, Ulverston.

THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT IN 1886.
(Passing through the Corridor to the House of Lords.)

CHAPTER XI.

JUBILEE INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES (continued).

The Victorian Era.

IN 1837 Great Britain governed outside these islands 1,100,000 square miles. In 1887 she sways 8,400,000. In 1837 her subjects beyond the sea were 90,200,000; they are now nearly 280,000,000. In 1837 our revenues were £24,000,000; our external trade £102,000,000; our shipping, 8,700,000 tons. Now those revenues reach £122,000,000; that trade, £730,000,000; and our shipping, 62,000,000 tons. In round numbers, the empire has grown fivefold. If, however, these prodigious figures fatigue the eye and mind, let us speak of simple and more easily-grasped facts.

Fifty years ago, science was yet in its infancy. It is still young, with the youth of an immortal life; but who does not know how immensely its stature has grown, and what superb gifts it has bestowed upon our time? Electricity was not much more than an amusing puzzle of physics. In 1837 Wheatstone constructed the first telegraph, since when all lands and seas have been covered with the delicate network of the modern Ariel, and time and distance have been annihilated for the service of a world, which tends more and more to become one country. The electric lamp, the telephone, and the microphone have been later offshoots of

those first subtle discoveries. Light has been pressed into the use of man, and is now his portrait and landscape painter; spectrum analysis has given us a new chemistry, and revealed at least five fresh metals, besides extending enormously our astronomical knowledge. Railways came in a little before Her Majesty's accession, but the tale of their vast expansion belongs almost entirely to the august boundaries of her rule. Everybody may now travel fifty miles an hour at a penny a mile, as he may send a letter for the same sum from one end of the country to the other. The significance of the Victorian Post Office alone may be dimly judged when we know that it carried two thousand million letters, papers, and cards last year.

In the present reign, moreover, has grown up entirely the use of anæsthetics in surgery, the most benign of medical and chemical gifts. Sanitation has become an exact science, and we touch the borders of prophylactic remedies and methods which will abolish zymotic disease. The population, whose common life is thus enriched, prolonged, and elevated, has grown in the last thirty years at the rate of 30 per cent. The vital span has been extended so that a million men, women, and children are alive this Jubilee-time who would not have survived under the Georges, and existence, even for the lowest, is growing yearly more and more dignified with recreations, gardens, parks, museums, libraries, and galleries.

In 1837 we spent only £35,000 a year on education; we spend six millions now; and the youth of the nation is already so instructed that only ten per cent. of persons are unable to sign their names at marriage. Shall we pause to remark that the output of coal is five times what it was, that of iron three times? or speak of the cheap British loaf baked from the flour of all the wheat-fields in the world; or of the ships that come daily to port with thousands of frozen carcases from the flocks and herds of the Antipodes, of Brazil

and of Canada? The realized capital of the United Kingdom is said by statisticians to have augmented in the last twenty years by nearly four thousand millions sterling; and in the colossal movement of commerce which this huge treasure represents, be it always remembered that the trade of the British Colonies and of India with the United Kingdom ranks for one-half.—*The Daily Telegraph.*

The Women's Jubilee Present.

THE Women's Jubilee offering was presented to the Queen in the presence of over 200 ladies, including peeresses and others who took an active interest in the movement.

The offering takes the form of an equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort—a replica of the famous statue in Glasgow—to be raised in Windsor Park, in the place known as Smith's Lawn. In addition to the statue, the funds admit of a large amount—more than £70,000—being handed over to some charitable purpose: and the Queen has since announced her desire to devote this amount to the support of nurses for sick women and young girls. There were in all about three million subscribers, 1,600,414 in England contributing on the average $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ per head; 346,217 in Scotland, at $5\frac{3}{4}d.$ per head; 149,346 in Ireland at $5\frac{3}{4}d.$; and 128,438 in Wales at $4\frac{3}{4}d.$ Other parts of the Empire also contributed; 26,174 in Burmah sending 9,134 rupees.

The decision of Her Majesty will approve itself to all her subjects. The choice made has been a most happy one. An offering from women in commemoration and grateful recognition of the long reign and personal virtues of one of their own sex could hardly be turned to more appropriate use. The purpose of the donors was to make a gift to Her Majesty herself. It was a tribute of loyal affection, shackled with no conditions, expressed or implied. Its employment for an object of benevolence must be understood, therefore, as Her Majesty's own act, and as proceeding entirely from

her own personal wish. As the fund was contributed by women, it will be by women that the benefit from it will be felt. The poor and helpless and sick and suffering of the sex will have cause to bless the memory of the Queen's Jubilee year, and the royal bounty which has made it the occasion of providing help for them at the time of their sorest need.

The Fireside News says :—"Now that Her Majesty has so nobly devoted £70,000 of the Women's Offering for 'Queen's Nurses,' we hope some steps may be taken to make this sum a nucleus for further offerings from the *men* of England for the same purpose. The interest of £70,000 would only realize about £2,000 yearly. Let it be made up to £500,000, and the Memorial will be a truly fitting one from Englishmen as well as Englishwomen."

With the gift was presented a beautiful address on vellum, fringed in gold, and adorned with the Royal Arms, the dates 1837–1887, and the Arms of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, etc. The address was as follows :—

"May it please your Majesty,—We venture to approach your Majesty to-day on behalf of millions of your Majesty's women subjects throughout the United Kingdom who, differing in class, conditions, and opinions, press joyfully forward on this momentous occasion, to lay at your Majesty's feet the homage of their deep and devoted loyalty. In asking your Majesty's gracious acceptance at our hands of an enduring memento of this auspicious anniversary, we are not unmindful of the sad fact that fifty years of public life are in this world never suffered to pass without bringing in their train heavy sorrows and anxieties; and of these we know too well that your Majesty's share has been large. While, therefore, we hail with just pride and gladness an epoch that stands alone in history—whether our own, or of other nations—we humbly hope for permission to offer our Sovereign the tribute not only of her people's heartfelt congratulations, but that also of their reverent

and loving sympathy. That no cloud of unhappiness may again arise to darken the pathway of our beloved Queen; that peace may be within her walls and prosperity within

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE BOUQUET OF ORCHIDS.

her palaces; and that the Almighty may grant her days to be long in the land, will ever be the fervent prayer of your Majesty's loyal and dutiful

"WOMEN-SUBJECTS AND SERVANTS."

The Queen has since expressed, in a letter, how deeply gratified she is by the very kind and generous present. "I thank the women of Great Britain and Ireland most warmly for it, and shall value their gift of the statue of my beloved husband very highly, as a touching remembrance of this interesting and never-to-be-forgotten day, and of their great loyalty and affection."

The Queen's Daily Work.

Mrs. Emma Leslie says, in her interesting "Life" of the Queen:—

"The daily work of the Sovereign, in looking over despatches from various parts of the United Kingdom, and our dependencies and colonies, to say nothing of those constantly arriving from the various Continental Courts, involves no small amount of mental wear and tear; for, to keep abreast of this work, it is needful to its proper discharge that the Queen should possess a knowledge of antecedent circumstances and side issues, before a decision can be arrived at.

"It was the rule in the royal household, during the Prince Consort's life, for the Prince to be up early, and go through all the despatches that had arrived, if possible, before the Queen came down. Their writing-tables stood close together, and when she came in he would explain all that needed explanation. Then they would sit down and work together, often having to give the closest attention to the matter in hand, so as to get through all the needful work before some public duty."

The Queen and Dr. Macleod.

Writing of Dr. Macleod, after his death, the Queen says:—"No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living, personal

Saviour: One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help, and consolation from him. How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!"

The Children's Hospital.

THE proposal to build, by means of funds collected by children, a wing to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, as an offering to the Queen, the patroness of the hospital met with success. The children of the Jews' Free School in Spitalfields, perhaps one of the poorest schools in England, sent in an offering of £4 11*s.* 7*d.*, and at the other end of the social school scale may be mentioned the handsome contributions from Eton, collected by boys in the various houses. English children resident abroad and in the colonies have also helped to swell the amount subscribed. One boy at a public school sends £5, a thank-offering for having gained a scholarship. That boy will find the "thankoffering" will enrich him far more even than the scholarship.

'Tis Fifty Years Since.

PROBABLY there is no part of her reign to which Her Majesty looks back more often, or with more interest, than to the first year of it—that is to say, to the period between June, 1837, and June, 1838. That was a notable twelvemonth, quite apart from the fact of the Queen's accession. It was the year in which the steamships *Sirius* and *Great Western* made the first voyage across the Atlantic, the one taking nineteen days, the other fifteen and a half. It was the year in which railway enterprise made its first great

advances; in which the electric telegraph was first practically worked; in which the postal service made its first important improvements. It was the year of the great frost, when the Thames was frozen over; of the establishment of the Thames Steamboat Company, and other local incidents.

It was altogether an interesting time. Men went about in stocks and figured waistcoats, and coats with gilt buttons, and tight trousers; and women in poke bonnets and full skirts, and with corkscrew curls. At Holland House, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Russell, Macaulay, Rogers, Milnes, Sir Henry Taylor, Luttrell, Sydney Smith, and Louis Napoleon were *habitués;* at Gore House Lady Blessington held sway. Madame Tussaud's was in its fourth year. Lilly-white, Box, and Pilch were among the famous cricketers. Wilkie, Maclise, Etty, Turner, Leslie, and Mulready were the leading painters: Balfe, Bishop, and Barnett were our chief musicians.—*The Globe.*

Philanthropic Progress.

PHILANTHROPIC progress during the Queen's reign is well depicted by Lewis Morris in "A Song of Empire" in *Murray's Magazine.*

"Our old Draconic Law
With children's blood cemented, no more kills
Its tale of innocent victims. Pitying Love
Amid the abject deigns to-day to move,
Whom no man cared for. If the cruel city
Still claims its thousands, by the outcasts stand
Pure men and women in a gentle band,
Linked in a ministry of Love and Pity.
No more half deafened by the throbbing loom,
Soulless as is the beast, the pallid children pine;
Nor hapless slaves, half naked, 'mid the gloom
And grime and squalor of the sunless mine."

The Queen on Cruelty to Animals.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals met at its Anniversary Distribution of Prizes, as one of the Royal gatherings of this auspicious Jubilee year, under the personal presidency of the Queen. Her Majesty crossed over from the magnificent pavilion at South Kensington, after laying the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute, and had the pleasure of witnessing a sight which, for the moral it suggests, must rank second to none of the public celebrations of the past two weeks. The Albert Hall was filled from end to end with a company that, for the most part, had not been present on the other great occasions. Hundreds of children from the schools of London and provincial towns were congregated for the purpose of receiving the prizes offered by the Society for the best essays on the subject of its beneficent work.

We remember once being informed by a fond mother of one of the winners of a like prize, in a former year, that her little girl had "gained a prize for Cruelty to Animals!" We quite perfectly understood the poor woman's real meaning, and congratulated her on the event she seemed to be so proud of. There was no lack of such a constituency this Jubilee year; for we find that the number of essays written by school children in 1887 was 25,525, being about 7,000 in excess of those in 1886. A large number of delegates who represented branches of the Parent Institution and Sister Societies on the Continent, in the United Kingdom, in India and the Colonies, and of Bands of Mercy, were accommodated with seats on the platform, and they were warmly welcomed on behalf of the Society by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Queen was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and

Duchess of Connaught, and the Duchess of Albany. On the Queen taking her seat on the daïs the audience cheered, and the voices of the children were undoubtedly in the ascendant. The Prince of Wales presented an address of congratulation from the President and Council of the Royal Albert Hall, to which the Queen replied in suitable terms of acknowledgment. Lord Aberdare, as President, then read to Her Majesty the loyal address of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, thanking the Queen for the patronage she had bestowed on the Society as early as 1840, and has continued to accord it ever since. To this address the Queen replied in the following form, which must henceforth rank among the most "golden words" she has uttered in any cause or on any subject. The Queen said :—

"It gives me great satisfaction to receive your loyal and dutiful address of congratulation on the completion of the fiftieth year of my reign. Among other marks of the spread of enlightenment among my subjects I notice in particular with real pleasure the growth of more humane feelings towards the lower animals. No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy. The labours of your Society have done much to promote this moral progress; and for the sake alike of human nature and of the happiness of the animal creation by which we are surrounded, I trust that you will steadily persevere in your noble aims, in which you continue to have my warm and entire sympathy.

On the Queen leaving the daïs, the National Anthem was played on the organ, and the pipers of the Caledonian Society took up the melody outside the hall. The Royal party were cheered most heartily as they drove to Paddington Station, where they took train for Windsor.—*The Fireside News.*

The Ragged School Union.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented to the Queen a testimony of "love and loyalty" from the Ragged School Union in the shape of an address, accompanied by a volume with the signatures of upwards of 30,000 teachers and ragged scholars in the schools and missions in and around London. The wording of this unique and touching memorial was as follows :—

"To Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.—May it please your Majesty,—We, the teachers and scholars of Ragged Schools and Missions to the poor in and around London, would most respectfully join with your whole people in offering to your Majesty very hearty congratulations on the celebration of the Jubilee of your glorious reign. In every home of the kingdom your name has long been a household word for all that is good, noble, and charitable. We have learned with hearty gratitude that your Majesty has been graciously pleased to become the patroness of the Ragged School Union, which has been so helpful to us. And we earnestly pray that Almighty God may bless your Majesty, and long spare you to reign over a happy, obedient, and grateful people."

The Queen's Reign on the Seas.

IN a lecture given at the Mansion House by Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Board of Trade, some noteworthy marks of progress in the condition of our seamen during the Queen's reign were mentioned.

"In 1836, drunkenness and incompetency were notorious among officers as well as seamen. Charts were inefficient. Lifeboats and rocket apparatus were not stationed round our coasts. There were scarcely any docks. Payment for salvage of life was unknown. Ships did not carry side lights. There was no international rule of the road at sea.

No reports of wrecks were required to be made, and no inquiries as to wrecks were held. The press-gang was in full work. Crimps preyed unchecked on British seamen. There was no statutory provision as to the supply of food, or as to the accommodation of seamen. There were no checks to the tyranny of masters and mates at sea; no provision for the proper execution and enforcement of contracts between masters and seamen; no naval courts, etc. One ship was not required to stand by another ship after collision. A seaman could not raise any question as to the unseaworthiness of his ship, but could be sent to prison as a deserter if he went ashore to complain. There was no international or commercial code of signals.

"As regarded officers, he thought that at the present time we possessed in the mercantile marine, masters, mates, and engineers who would not only compare favourably with those of every other nation in every way, but some who could hold their own in comparison with officers of the Royal Navy in many things. Against the allegation that British mercantile Jack, in which term he included only those men who manned trading ships, was worse than he had been, he had to put this to his credit, that he deposited in the savings bank at the rate of £70,000 a year; that he was able, under a system inaugurated by Lord Norton, called the '*Midge*' system, from the name of the little steamer first employed in carrying it into effect, to proceed home at once on the arrival of his ship in port, having deputed a Government officer to collect his wages for him, and send them home to him; and he was no longer required to wait about, subject to temptations, in a place where he was a stranger. Thus it happened that seamen had been paid in cash at their own homes £190,628 a year, and that of the 18,000 Naval Reserve men, the service, conduct, and health over twenty years had been so good that a very fair proportion were claiming and receiving their

pensions. Who should say, then, that there was not an important element of thrift among seamen?"

Queen Victoria's Treasures.

Among the rare treasures in the possession of Queen Victoria is a very curious needle, that was made at a famous factory in Buckinghamshire. It is both ingenious and beautiful, and the Queen tells how pleased she was when, as a young matron, she visited the "needle-house," and the foreman presented this needle as a specimen of his skill.

The needle is a miniature model of the Roman column of Trajan; but the scenes it depicts are not the military exploits of Roman Emperors, but some of the leading events in the life of Queen Victoria herself. One view shows the private Baptism of the Infant Princess, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, at Kensington Palace, on the 24th of June, 1819. Another shows the Princess as a young maiden at Tunbridge Wells, where, in simple girlish attire, with a straw hat, she is receiving water from the hands of an old woman, to whom she seems talking pleasantly.

Another scene is the Coronation at Westminster Abbey, introducing ten or twelve figures. Among them, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Canterbury are conspicuous; and the young Queen is kneeling at the Holy Table, with her right hand extended, as in the act of taking the coronation oath. Another scene is the Queen's marriage, showing the Royal Bride and the Prince Consort, with the date, Monday, February 10, 1840. The last is the Baptism of the Prince of Wales, January 25th, 1842, with the King of Prussia, as sponsor, holding the Royal Babe.

The figures in all these scenes are so extremely small that they can be scarcely made out with the naked eye, but by the aid of a magnifying glass they appear clearly cut and

distinct. This wonderful needle can also be opened, and it contains several others—all of the same form, and all are adorned with figures in relief.

The Queen's Daughters.

A good many years ago, when Her Majesty was spending a short time in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice paid an unexpected visit to an old female cottager on the slopes of Glenfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with the Royal household, bluntly ejaculated, "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'm thinkin'?" "No," they quietly rejoined, "we are the Queen's *daughters*." "Ye dinna look like it," was the immediate reply of the unusually outspoken Celt, "as ye hae neither a ring on your fingers, nor a bit gowd i' your lugs!"

The Power of the Pen.

For all so great as Queen Victoria is, and for all so splendid as is her kingdom, did there happen to fail in her realm one little implement called a pen, the glory and the greatness would be dim to future ages, and our grandsons who come after us would but guess faintly at our strength and power, and of our familiar features, and our human ways, and how we succeeded to our fathers, as they to us, would know nothing. The character of the great, the meaning of the humble, the vesture and costume of humanity and all its records of the heart, depend absolutely upon that little implement. In the past ages the man who stands up like a mountain, or shines like a light across the plains of oblivion, is the man who has had an historian worthy of him. The annalists, the minstrels, the story-tellers, are to the past what the Sovereign is to the present—the fountain of honour. Without these there is no memorial. Without their successors in the modern world, there would, beyond the limit of a generation, and often not even in that, be little mental appreciation and no fame.—*Blackwood.*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Engraved by permission from the Photograph by W. & D. DOWNEY,
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Drawn by N. B. STOCKER, *engraved by* J. D. COOPER.

CHAPTER XII.

"*THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN.*"

A Tribute to the Queen.

VERY interesting sketch of the Queen's life, entitled "The Majesty of Woman," appeared in *The Estates Roll* for June. Since we have already ourselves written so fully in *The Queen's Resolve* on this all-engrossing topic, we are glad to insert in these pages an extract from this tribute to the Queen.*

The Title "Woman."

THE title "Woman" is as old as mankind—far older than Lady, Queen, or any other name by which the gentle sex have been designated: and in using the expression in reference to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen and Empress, it is only, if it were possible, to add to her lustre than to diminish aught from it.

The earliest record in the world informs us of man's companion: "She shall be called *woman*"; and of the second Adam: "God sent forth his Son, born of a *woman*."

The Proverbs (xxxi. 30) have it, "A woman that feareth

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* We also introduce from *The Queen's Resolve* a recent portrait of the Queen, engraved by permission from a photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey. We believe that this is one of the most faithful portraits of Her Majesty yet produced.

the Lord, she shall be praised"; and she whom the nation delights to honour—Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria—seems to come nearest to us in her capacity of *woman*, rather than in the splendour of her position as Queen.

It is said of Her Majesty, that when the then Archbishop of Canterbury waited upon her in reference to the service for her marriage, and inquired whether she wished any alteration touching her promise of "obedience," the Queen replied, that "it was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman according to the revered usages of the Church of England; and, though not as a Queen, as a *woman* she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy."

Dr. Norman Macleod, speaking at Glasgow of the Queen, said: "I have had the honour in the providence of God of ministering to Her Majesty in public and private for the last thirteen or fourteen years. I have seen her in every variety of circumstances, from the highest prosperity and happiness which *any married woman*, not to speak of a Queen, could enjoy, and also in the depth of her distress. I declare most solemnly I have never, in the greatest privacy and in the most intimate communion that a subject or a clergyman can have, heard one word offered or one sentiment expressed which did not do the highest honour to Her Majesty, both as a Queen and *as a woman*. I have never seen not even the remotest trace of any moral or mental weakness, but I have seen in every instance down to the last moment remarkable evidence of moral and mental strength and capacity."

But although our Queen possesses such a brilliant character as a *woman*, it must not be supposed that she is any less a Queen. She has not only a tender heart and a fulness of sympathy with all who suffer, but she has a head and a will worthy of her Imperial sphere. She is well read,

speaks Continental languages fluently, has a knowledge of the dead languages, is in no way deficient as a mathematician, and is also an accomplished musician.

The Duke of Kent.

HER father, the Duke of Kent, died at Sidmouth from inflammation, the result of a cold, in 1820. In his Life we meet with incidents showing his truly religious character. His biographer writes :—

"Two or three evenings previous to his visit to Sidmouth, I was at Kensington Palace. On my rising to take leave, the Duke intimated his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib, adding, 'As it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer, that as she grew in years she might grow in grace and favour both with God and man, nothing could exceed the fervour and feeling with which he responded in an emphatic 'Amen.' Then, with no slight emotion, he continued, 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father; but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.' That prayer was offered."

Mrs. Emma Leslie says of the Duke of Kent :—

"Victoria was to be educated carefully and religiously as a simple English lady. Her father had always taken great interest in every philanthropic movement for the benefit of the people, and at the time of his death was officially connected with sixty-two societies, having for their object some noble or religious work. He was very generous—too generous for his means—and left the Duchess anything but well provided for at the time of his death. Happily, his

widow had no wish to shine in Court circles ; she was quite content to retire to the comparative solitude of Kensington Palace with her two little girls—for this was her second widowhood, and by her first marriage she had had another daughter, Feodora, two or three years older than 'Little Drina.'" *

The Prince Consort.

As any reference to the Queen's life would be imperfect without mention of her husband, we allude to him, as she would like all her subjects to do.

Albert, Prince Consort, possessed a character which would grace the history of any country in any age. His portrait as a child of four years, in "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," compiled under the direction of the Queen, is the prettiest face of a child we have ever seen. The history of his life proves him to have been a most dutiful and loving son, a very warm and true friend, a most devoted and affectionate husband as ever lived, a good father, and a most conscientious subject. In short, his life was one endeavour to live nobly and usefully, and to this end he was prepared and did endure continual self-sacrifice.

When he first came to this country he was regarded with feelings of much petty jealousy, which in a narrower mind and a more selfish heart would have made his life intolerable ; but he was of that peculiar mould we may call "Nature's nobleman." He had given up the land of his birth, which he truly loved ; his family, which was a centre of affection ; his friends, who were in sympathy with him, and manners and customs and surroundings which were to him of the essence of a pleasant life. For them he came amongst strangers who treated him in any way but friendly for a long time. He gave up all for one, the one he loved,

* The Queen's first name is Alexandrina ; and she was called, as a child, Little Drina.

the one for whom he was prepared to forfeit all else—Victoria.

British noblemen could not allow a foreigner, though the husband of their Sovereign, to take precedence of them. Hence this self-seeking and selfish spirit brought about much discomfort to the Prince, whose duty it was to support his wife; and the Queen had to settle the difficulty by declaring, under her sign-manual, that her husband should enjoy place, pre-eminence, and precedence next to herself.

Prince Albert's resolve was, as he himself expressed it,—"To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife, to aim at no power by himself or for himself, to shun all ostentation, to assume no separate responsibility before the public; continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal, as the natural head of the family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the affairs of the Government."

He studied Hallam's Constitutional History with the Queen, and English law with a barrister.

Not only was Prince Albert a conscientious, upright man, but he had strong religious convictions which found constant expression in his life. The Queen says of him in reference to his partaking of the Lord's Supper:—

"The Prince had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of the act, and did not like to appear in company either the evening before or on the day on which he took it; and he and the Queen almost always dined alone on these occasions."

He once said to the Queen:—

"I do not cling to life—you do; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should

be quite ready to die to-morrow. I am sure, if I had a severe illness I should give up at once. I have no tenacity of life."

In times of her illness the Queen says of him :—

"He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her and write for her. No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly when sent for from any part of the house. His care for her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, more judicious nurse."

Again Her Majesty says of her Consort :—

"Very few can say with me that their husband, at the end of twenty-one years, is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage."

Early Training of the Queen.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Queen has been her unaffected simplicity. Mr. Walford records that, at about the age of nine years, the Queen as a Princess attended a Court Drawing Room, at which was present the young Queen of Portugal; and a striking contrast was observable between the dresses and manners of these two young ladies, in favour of the simplicity of Victoria. As a child she constantly, when out walking, mingled with the people in a quiet unostentatious manner, and performed many little acts of charity. Various writers have borne testimony to the natural artlessness and attractiveness of her disposition; and she seems to have been an object of ove with all with whom she had to do.

The training which the Queen had as a child, had much to do with the beauty of her character; and to this she

owed much to her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who was an upright, affectionate, noble-minded, sincere Christian. Lord Liverpool said of her in the House of Lords: "I have had opportunities of observing the conduct of the Duchess of Kent, which is unexampled for propriety, domestic affection, and moral purity."

The Duchess seemed to live with the one absorbing thought, the training of her child to adorn the position she might be called upon to occupy; that she should be educated suitably to such an exalted sphere; but more, that her moral character should be so trained as to produce the most sterling elements of a stern virtue, and sincere and loving adherence to God's Holy Word. When, at eleven years of age, the Queen, in her study of English History, arrived at the conclusion that under certain events she might become the queen of England, her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who had always kept such a possibility from her, replied that, "such an event was at present too remote and uncertain to engage our attention further than to stimulate our endeavours so to form your mind as to render you not unworthy of so high a destiny."

The child soon after uttered the memorable words, twice repeated, that, should such be the case, "I will be good."

Called to the Throne.

When in a few years the uncertainty was changed into reality, when the Sovereign had passed away, and Victoria was next in succession, she again uttered words as memorable as the former. "I ask your prayers on my behalf"; and thus her reign was inaugurated by an act of living faith and loving obedience to the only Source of all safety and of all wisdom.

During the reading of the Proclamation she was so affected by the acclamations that she could not restrain her

tears; and on this incident Mrs. Browning (then Miss Eliza Barrett) wrote a poem, of which the following is part:—

"God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved:
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those poor tears have moved.
The nature in thine eyes we see
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties.
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear its crown.

"God bless thee, weeping Queen!
With blessings more divine,
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the throne of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd Hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see:
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown."

On the day of her accession she was moved to emotion more than once on realizing the gravity of her responsibilities; and she went to the Duchess in a flood of tears, saying, "I can scarcely believe that I am Queen of England; but I suppose I really am so, am I not?" to which her mother replied, "You have just left a scene which must have assured you of it." Then the Queen prettily answered, "Since you see in your little daughter the Queen of this great country, will you grant her the first request she has had occasion in her regal capacity to put to you? I wish to be left for two hours alone." And for the two hours the

young Queen seriously contemplated her new life, and again sought from the Lord her God strength and guidance for her responsible duties.

The First Speech from the Throne.

HER MAJESTY'S first speech from the throne was read by her deliberately and with a clear sweet voice, which made itself heard all over the House. It closed thus :—

"I ascend the throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me ; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord. Acting upon these principles, I shall upon all occasions look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament and the affections of my people, which form the true support of the dignity of the Crown, and insure the stability of the Constitution."

Mrs. Kemble, who was present on this occasion, thus wrote of it :—

"The Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than, 'My Lords and Gentlemen,' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly, whose gaze was riveted on that fair flower of royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen."

The *Daily News* remarked of the way in which the Queen read her address at the recent opening of the People's Palace at the East End of London :—

"The Queen read her reply with fine emphasis and dis-

tinctness. There can be no greater contrast to the loud, rapid drawl affected by some modern ladies of fashion than the pure English diction of her Majesty. Her perfect elocution is indeed proverbial, and the Queen was probably never heard to better advantage than in her own hall of the People's Palace on Saturday."

Retrospect.

DURING the fifty years' reign of the Queen, unparalleled advance has been made in the material welfare of this country. The electric telegraph has been invented, steamers have for the first time crossed the oceans, international and industrial exhibitions have become common, photography has been discovered, the penny postage adopted, there has been an enormous development of railways, an immense spread of education in every branch of learning; and as to philanthropic and religious activities radiating from England to all parts of the world, the growth has been prodigious.

Above all, during Her Majesty's reign, women have occupied a position they never did before, and they are coming to the front in all phases of life—professional, commercial, philanthropic, and religious. In a word, *the life of the Queen has demonstrated the majesty of woman.*

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